



*The R^{gt} Hon^{ble} John
Baron Wilmot
England, & Viscount
in Ireland. Born Apr: 1648.*



*Earle of Rochester
of Adderbury in
Wilmot of Athlone
Died, 26. of July 1680.*



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THE
WORKS
OF THE
Right Honourable
The EARLS of
ROCHESTER,
AND
ROSCOMMON.

WITH SOME
Memoirs of the Earl of ROCHESTER's
Life, by Monsieur St. EVREMONT: In a
Letter to the Dutches of MAZARINE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

To which is added,
A Collection of Miscellany POEMS.
By the most Eminent Hands.

LONDON:

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without Temple-Bar, 1709.



THE
PREFACE.

THE Names of the *AUTHORS*,
are a more Satisfactory Recommendation of the following Sheets to all true Judges of Poetry, than whenever can be offer'd in their Behalf.

Nor had the Reader been troubled with any Thing, either by Way of Apology or Vindication, but for the answering an Objection which may be started by some Gentlemen; viz. That several Poems in this Collection have been before printed in others: But all that is necessary to be reply'd in this Case, is, That whatsoever may have been seen under the same Titles of some of these Pieces, are not so in Reality, being only Mangled and Imperfect, and these True and Genuine
Co-

The Preface.

Copies ; which will plainly be demonstrated upon the Comparison.

As to the Miscellanies annex'd, they are the Genuine Performances of the Authors to whom they are ascrib'd, and must Stand or Fall according to their own Merit.

This Third Edition has been carefully corrected from some Faults that had escap'd in the former, and put into a more Exact Method under proper Heads : And as to the Additions, they have been communicated by such Hands, as would not injure the Memories of the Authors by the least Imposition; but what is added, will be found to equal the rest, by comparing them together.

Since the finishing of this Work, there has been transmitted to us, a perfect Copy of my Lord Rochester's Mountebank Bill, under the Feigned Name of Alexander Bendo.

Tho' this Piece has been printed, yet 'tis so imperfect, that besides several Words which alter the Sense, there is one large entire Paragraph omitted.

MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE

Of the Right Honourable

JOHN,

Late Earl of *Rocheſter*.

WRITTEN BY

Monſieur *St. EVREMONT*,

in a Letter to her Grace the Dutcheſs
of *Mazarine*.



AMONG the Wonders
your Grace every Day per-
forms, it is not, perhaps,
the leaſt, Madam, of ma-
king me ſhake off that habitual Lazi-
neſs

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ness I have contracted, which has almost begot an Aversion to Writing; especially on such a Subject, and to such a Reader, both sufficient Checks to a Man who could consider any Thing but your Grace's Commands. No, Madam, your Desires are never to be disobey'd by me however difficult the Task may prove which you impose; especially when I remember, that your Grace has the most piercing Wit, as well as the most piercing Eyes in the World; yet that you have too much Justice to be severe on this Essay of my Obedience, not Presumption; because I chose rather to forfeit your good Opinion of my Understanding, than Respect. I am sensible, that I take on me a Province far beyond my Capacity to execute; but I can venture at any Thing, rather than your Displeasure.

Perhaps your Grace may not expect, that I should make you look back beyond those sprightly Hours of his Life,
when

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when he fir'd the Breasts of the Ladies with Love, and wounded those of Men with Envy. But, Madam, since you have set me a Task, I must perform it in all its Parts, according to the Methods of all those Gentlemen, who have presented the World with the Lives of Heroes, who always begin with their Parentage and Birth, and thence lead you by degrees into a thorough Acquaintance of their Spirit, Temper, and Lives. Thus must I do, Madam, with this noble Lord, from his Birth, to his early Death.

His Father was *Henry Lord Wilmot*, afterwards *Earl of Rochester*, a Man very Eminent, and Renown'd in the *English Histories* of the late Civil Wars, for his Valour and Fidelity both to the Father and Son. This gain'd him the chief Confidence of King *Charles* the Second, who entrusted his Person to him after the unfortunate Battel of *Worcester*. Which Trust he discharged with so much Conduct,

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duct, as well as Faith, that the King was convey'd out of *England* into *France* chiefly by his Care, Application and Vigilance. And for the Mother of our Hero, she was of the ancient Family of the *St. Johns* of *Wiltshire*, a Lady of equal Parts and Beauty, as I have been inform'd, and which I am induc'd to believe, Madam, because the more charming the Object of Love is, the more fierce are our Desires, and the greater Energy of Love in our Embraces. I may say of him with more Justice and Reason, what *Mr. Dryden* attributed to another :

*Whether inspir'd by some Diviner Lust,
His Father got him with a greater Gust.*

But leaving an Enquiry so nice, I return to my Subject, by informing your Grace, that of these Two, *John Wilmot*, Earl of *Rocheſter*, Viſcount *Athlone* in *Ireland*, and Baron of *Adderbury* in *Oxfordſhire*,

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shire, was born at *Ditchley* near *Woodstock*, in the same County, (and the Scene of many of his Pleasures, and of his Death) in *April*, A. D. 1648, distinguish'd from other Years by Two extraordinary Events, the *Martyrdom* of King *Charles I.* by a prevailing Party of his Subjects, at his own Palace-Window, and the Birth of my Lord *Rochester*, as eminent for Wit and Gallantry, as that unfortunate King was for Piety and Religion. I will not here, Madam, enter into a Comparison of their several Merits, or of the Preference of what each excell'd in: For notwithstanding the Opinion some have entertain'd of the Latitude of my Religious Principles, I must assure your Grace, I think there is no Comparison between them; and all I shall say, is, that the King was fitter for that World, to which he went from the Scaffold, and my Lord for that he enter'd from his Mother's Womb at the same time.

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My Lord's Father had the Ill Fortune to reap none of the Rewards and Advantages of his Sufferings and Loyalty, because he died before the *Restoration* of 1660, leaving his Son, as the principal part of his Inheritance, his Titles of Honour, and Merit of those extraordinary Services which he had done the Crown. But the prudent Conduct of the Mother, supply'd the Donal Estate left by the Father; for she manag'd it with such Address, that his Education was still preserv'd suitable to his Quality.

Here, Madam, were I to follow those famous Authors, who have given us the Lives of the ancient Heroes and Poets, I should entertain your Grace with the Scene of all the extraordinary Accidents, and pretty Events of his Childhood, not forgetting any of those little pert Sayings or Actions, that might be the Fore-runners of that eminent

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ment Excellence which he discover'd when he came to Man's Estate. Nay, if all these Important Affairs, by the Negligence of those who should have convey'd them to us, were lost, I should, to raise the Character of my Hero, give so necessary an Indulgence to Invention, as by that, to form some wonderful and early Promises of his future Greatness. But not being so fond of my own Fancy, as to write fictitious Wonders of his Childhood, and all those that were real, being not to be found in the authentick Records of Time, I shall not presume to amuse your Grace with insipid Fables, that can neither Entertain nor Instruct; but only let you know, that he was so extremely Docile, and made such an easy Progress in Learning on his first Application to Letters at School, as soon discover'd the Seeds of that Great Genius, which afterwards appear'd more conspicuously in his riper Years. For

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there, among Boys, first shone those
sprightly Parts, which afterwards dazled
the Eyes, and drew the Admiration of
Men, and the Hearts of the Ladies.

We may venture to say, that at
School it was that he laid such a Foun-
dation of the *Latin* Tongue, and ob-
tain'd so great a Mastery of it, that he
never lost a true Taste of any sovereign
Beauty of those great Authors of that
Language in its most flourishing Age;
I mean that of *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*,
and the like, in which he found those
transporting Pleasures, Madam, which
cannot be convey'd to your Grace
through any of the Translations we
have, tho' the *French* have made greater
Progress in that Art, and have applied
themselves more to it, than any other
Nation whatever that I know of.
Whether it be, that the Moderns want
Genius to come up to the Energy and
Excellence of the Ancients, or that
great

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great part of the Charm of the ancient Poets be in the Expression, which it is impossible to preserve in any less perfect Language: And in spite of our Vanity, we must allow, that even the *French* cannot come up to the *Latin*, either in strength, Harmony, or Copiousness. In short, Madam, no Pleasure can be so great to a Man of Sense, except it be your Grace's Conversation, which receives and gives fresh Force from and to the inevitable Charms of your Person.

If he began to lay the Foundation of Learning at School, he finish'd the Building on his Removal to the University of *Oxford*, where, in *Wadham* College, under the Tuition of Dr. *Blandford*, afterwards successively Bishop of *Oxford* and *Worcester*, and the more immediate Care of Mr. *Phineas Berry*, Fellow of that College; he gain'd all the Knowledge, the Gaity of the Times, and that Universal Spirit of Joy and

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and Pleasure, which overspread all these fortunate Islands on the Restauration would permit. For my Lord here, in the Arms of the Muses, and under the Restriction of a Tutor, form'd the first Accesses of Pleasure so tempting and engaging to his Soul so adapted to them, that his Application to Study soon grew slack, and in a little time so totally lost in the Pursuit of Joys more agreeable to his Inclination, that he never entertain'd any Thoughts of returning to his Studies, 'till the fine Address of his Governor, *Dr. Balfour*, in his Travels, by engaging him with Books suitable to his Inclinations, by degrees won him to those Charms which he had by a youthful Levity forsaken: Which being back'd by Reason more strong in him now, and a riper Taste of the Pleasures of Learning, which must win the Heart of a sensible Man; and these his Governor always took Care to place in so good a Light,

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Light, that by degrees he made him perfectly in Love with Knowledge ; in the Pursuit of which, he always spent those Hours which he sometimes stole from the *Witty* and the *Fair*.

I do not at all doubt, Madam, but that your Grace is quite tir'd with this Part of his Lordship's Life, in which Love and Beauty had so little Share ; you must, Madam, think these so many tedious Impertinencies ; yet since you have obliged me to write a Life, you must undergo the Penance of those Modes and Forms, which the Task, by your own Authority imposed, requires. He has all this while been cultivating those fine Parts, and nourishing that great Genius, which is now to appear in the Drawing-Room among the Ladies, with Force not inferior to their Eyes in their gayest Dawn, but of larger Extent in Duration and Power. Till now, he has been laying up a Fund
for

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for all that Spirit and Wit, which afterwards was the Terror of Knaves, Fools and little Pretenders of all Sorts but the Delight of the Witty, the Honest, and Meritorious.

He now, Madam, comes from Travel, at the early Age of Eighteen when other more backward Gentlemen are scarce yet fit to set out. But my Lord was not to take Measures from the common Rate of Men; he was distinguish'd sufficiently by Nature from most Men, who could therefore be no Rule to him. Arriving from Travel his Quality, Spirit, and Inclination soon led him to Court, with the Advantage of such Qualifications as few brought thither: For his Person was graceful, tho' tall and slender, his Mien and Shape having something extremely engaging; and for his Mind it discover'd Charms not to be withstood: His Wit was strong, subtil, sublime

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ter sublime, and sprightly ; he was per-
ols ectly well bred, and adorned with a
rts natural Modesty, which extreamly be-
Ho ame him. He was Master both of the
ancient and modern Authors, as well as
of all those in the Modern *French* and
ra *Italian*, to say nothing of the *English*,
cen which were worthy the Perusal of a
ner Man of fine Sense. From all which he
my drew a Conversation so engaging, that
om none could enjoy without Admiration
di and Delight, and few without Love.

no He had not been long at Court,
vel when inspir'd with a Desire of showing
on his Courage, he chose the Sea for the
Ad Scene of Action, and under the Earl
few of *Sandwich* and Sir *Edward Spragge*,
wa he gave uncommon Proofs of an intre-
hi pid Soul ; however, he afterwards lost
ex that Character in private Broils. But
nd tho' there may very easily be a Reason
th assign'd for so great a Contrariety of
til Temper in the same Man, at different
ne Times,

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Times, on different Occasions, and in different Circumstances; yet the Disquisition is too Philosophical and jejune to entertain your Grace: Let it suffice to say, that we differ not from one another more, than from our selves at different Times.

Having signaliz'd himself in War, he returns to Court, where Pleasure and Love kept their perpetual Rendezvous, under the auspicious Smiles of a Monarch made by Nature for all the Enjoyments of the most elegant Desires. Since his Travels, he had contracted a Temperance, which being in it self extraordinary in an Age so dissolute, was soon, tho' by insensible degrees, laid aside, and a Loose given to all the Pleasure of the Court and Town, of Love and Wine, for both which he was qualify'd by Nature, having a strong Constitution, tho' by too frequent and continued Excesses he broke

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in broke it, and died a young Man. As
Beauty owes her Ruin to her own
Je- Charms, so did my Lord: For as Beauty
it draws a Crowd of Adorers, and makes
om every one press for a Joy, that so few
ves can grant; Importunity, Opportunity,
Assiduity, and Variety of Objects, win
the Fair to surrender a Jewel that can-
ar, not be restor'd. Thus the uncommon
ure Charms of my Lord's Conversation,
ez- drew every Man of Taste to engage
of him with a Bottle, his pleasing Extra-
he vagance encreasing with his Liquor,
de- the Frolicks that inspir'd, affording
n- Talk for the Town, as well as the Ad-
g ventures in them, for some Time after.
if- It was not indeed, Madam, however,
e- for every Man to venture a Debauch
to with him; for a Jest and Diversion,
d he would often hazard his Life; and
th that many would think paying too dear
a- for his Conversation. ♦

But he often mingled his Amours in
his

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his Frolicks, and cover'd the Extravagance of his Appetite under that of his Fancy. I will not detain your Grace long with any of these Adventures, nor shall I give you many of them, tho' might a Thousand, because I will not swell my Account beyond the Bounds of a Letter.

His Talent of Satyr was admirable and in it he spared none, not even the King himself, whose Weakness for some of his Mistresses, he endeavour'd to cure by several Means; that is, either by winning them from him, in spite of the Indulgence and Liberality they felt from a Royal Gallant, or by severely Lampooning them and him on various Occasions; which generally the King (who was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, as well as my Lord) took for the natural Salts of his Genius, and meant as Sports of Fancy, more than Efforts of Malice. Yet either by a too frequent

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Repetition, or a too close and poignant Violence, he banish'd him the Court, for a Satyr made directly on him.

The Duke of *Buckingham* being at that time under Disgrace for Things of another Nature, they resolv'd to go in search of Adventures; among many of which, this was one. There happen'd an Inn on *New-Market* Road to be lett; they disguise themselves fit for the Persons they were to assume, and jointly take this Inn, in which each in his Turn officiates as Master. But this being not done, either for absconding from the King's Anger, or the Sake of selling Ale, they soon set themselves to pursue the more pleasing Aim of their Ramble. For having observed such of the pretty Girls of the Country, as they fancy'd most, (they consider'd not whether Maids, Wives, or Widows) to gain Opportunities, they invited the Country, at least those Neighbours that had these Wives or Daughters, to frequent Feasts, where the Men were ply'd

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well with good Liquor, and the Women sufficiently warm'd, to make but as little Resistance, as would be agreeable to their Inclinations: Doubly qualifying both Sexes, the Men with Wine and other strong Liquors, and the Women with Love.

Your Grace must imagine, that this sort of Life could not be of long Duration, because Feasts so common, and without any thing to pay, must give a shrewd Suspicion, that the Hosts must soon break, or that their Circumstances were not very agreeable to the Post they were in. This they were sensible of, nor were much concern'd about it, since they were seldom fond of long continuing the same sort of Adventures, Variety being the Life of their Enjoyments: And being also near the Time of his Majesties going to *New-Market* when they design'd that a Discovery of their real Plots should clear them from the Imputation of being concerned in any more pernicious to his Majesty, and his easy Government. Therefore

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When two Conjunctions meeting, they thought
themselves oblig'd to dispatch two im-
portant Adventures, which they had not
yet been able to compass: There was an
old covetous Huncks in the Neighbour-
hood, who had, notwithstanding his
Age, got a very pretty young Wife:
In the Poetical Age, she had been taken
for one of the Wood-Nymphs; *Salmacis*
was not more charming, nor more fit for
the Joy. Her Husband was as watchful
of her, as of his Money; nor ever trust-
ed her out of his Sight, but into the
Hands of an old, ill natur'd, ugly, hy-
pocritical Sister, who never having ex-
perienc'd the Joys of Love, had the true
Envy of an old Maid to all that was
young and handsome. Our Noble Hosts
had no manner of doubt of his accepting
the Treat, which seldom came amiss to him;
in loving a Debauch with all his Heart,
when it cost him nothing, otherwise
the most temperate and abstemious Man
alive; but then they could never pre-
vail with him to bring his Wife, not-

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withstanding they urg'd the Presence of so many good Women of the Neighbourhood to keep her Company. All their Study was then, how to charm the Dragon, that he left behind to guard the delicious *Hesperian* Fruit, which he could neither eat himself, nor would suffer any other.

Such Difficulties as these, did not use to puzzle their Inventions. It was therefore agreed, that my Lord Rochester should be dress'd in Woman's Cloath and while the Husband was engag'd by my Lord Duke, and his good Liquor he should go and try his Luck with the old Hypocrite at home. He knew that she was a mighty Lover of a Dram of the Bottle, when she could come by it. With that *Viaticum* he marches, equip'd like a Country Lass, to the old Miser's House. 'Twas with much ado he found means to get Sight or Speech of the old Woman, but at last he obtained that Favour. When perfect in all the Cant of those People, he began to te

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the Occasion of his coming, and ban-
e offering her, in hopes she would invite
our him in, but all in vain; he was admit-
heited no further than the Porch, with
the House-Door just ajar: At last my
Lord hit of an Expedient for his Pur-
n purpose, and rising up, as if he was going
ould away, pretends himself in a Fit, and falls
in at the Door; the Noise brought the
e young Wife to them, who with much ado
ere persuades her Keeper to help the poor
e Creature into the House, in respect to the
Decorum of the Sex, and the unhappy
Condition she was in: The Door had
uo not been long shut, but by degrees he
th came to himself, and being set on a
t Chair, cants a very Religious Thankf-
th giving through the Nose for the Huma-
ity of the good old Gentlewoman;
ip and begins to tell how deplorable her
fer hard Fortune was to have such Fits,
un which often took her in the Street, and
th so made her liable to many Accidents;
in but every now and then, as a Relief,
th took a Sip of the Bottle, and recom-
te
th

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mended

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mended it to the old Woman, who was sure to drink a hearty Dram; and when offer'd the young Lass, she would stop the Bottle, and say it was naught for young People, and the like; but it was more to save a larger Share to her self.

My Lord had another Bottle qualify'd with a little *Opium*, which would sooner accomplish his Desires, and lay the Dragon asleep. The next Time he drank off the former Bottle, and gave the Beldam the somniferous Liquor, which drinking with Greediness enough, she fell fast asleep. My Lord now fir'd with the Presence of the lovely Creature, which he had made so near Approaches to, was full of eager Desires, which made him often change Colour, and made her imagine some Return of his Fits, and asking the Question, my Lord reply'd, That if she would be so charitable to let him lye down on the Bed, he should soon recover; the good natur'd Creature shewed him the way, and being lay'd down, and staying by him,
at

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that his Request, he put her in mind of her Condition, asking about her Husband, whom the young Woman painted in his true Colours, both up and a-bed, supposing she had only a Woman with her. By her Story, he found that a little Love would not be disagreeable, Opportunity, Revenge, and various Pleasures concurring. As soon as she had laid her self down by my Lord, pleas'd with his Conversation, his Lordship began to kiss her, embrace her, and to proceed farther. She was wonderfully surpriz'd at such Addresses from a Woman, but was soon made sensible by his Lordship, that he did not provoke without a Power of appeasing. In short, Madam, his Lordship was as happy as he could desire, and as long as he durst stay for fear of the Husband's Return, and the Keeper's awaking.

But *Phillis* was unwilling to part with him, and resolv'd to escape from her Prison, where she had neither Pleasure nor Ease, to one where she promis'd her self abundance of both. My Lord was glad

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of the Opportunity, by which he not only gratify'd himself, but his Friend my Lord Duke likewise. However, she took care of some Money, having long since resolv'd on a Flight, and being acquainted with the old Gentleman's Hoards, supply'd her self with 150 Broad Pieces, and march'd off with my Lord to the Inn, about Midnight. They were to pass over three or four Fields before they reach'd it, and in the last they were very near falling into the Enemies Hands, had he not call'd aloud to the Fellow that carry'd the Lanthorn; his Voice discovering him, our Adventurers struck down the Field out of the Path, and, to be the more secure, lay down in the Grass. The Place, the Occasion, and the Person that was so near, put his Lordship in Mind of renewing his Pleasure in Sight of his Cuckold. The Nymph was no longer nice, and easily comply'd with any of his Desires. But not to detain your Grace any longer with this Story, he had the Damsel home, convey'd her up Stairs to
my

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only my Lord Duke's Bed, and there having
ordain'd her, retir'd, with a Promise of return-
are ing as soon as he could change his
re- Cloaths, look after the Family, and the like.

But he having had his Ends already,
up- sent up my Lord Duke in his Place, whom
nd the ignorant and passive Nymph bore
nn, with equal Satisfaction. The Husband
o- coming home, finds his Doors open, his
ey Sister asleep, his Wife fled, and his Mo-
ry ney gone: After raving like a Mad-man,
ad he hang'd himself. This News was soon
at spread about the Neighbourhood, and
o- reach'd the Inn: Where both Lovers
vn now, as weary of their Purchase, as de-
ne sirous of it before, adding to her Stock
fs. as much more, advis'd her to retire to
on *London*; and there this Disgrace not be-
in ing known, she might get another Hus-
of band, and that they intended soon to be
er there themselves. She follow'd their Ad-
is vice, and so this Adventure ended. His
e Majesty soon after coming that way, found
e them both in their Posts, and took them
o into Favour, and with him to *New-Market*.

His

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His Amours at Court are too well known to your Grace, to need my repeating of them. Besides, they are mingl'd too much with the Reputation of Ladies of Quality, to revive them. I cannot omit that Affair, which my Lord had with the fine Miss *R---ts*, Mistress to the King, whom she left, and refus'd for the Possession of my Lord's Person, and Heart, as she imagin'd: But he was soon cloy'd with the Enjoyment of any one Woman, tho' the fairest in the World, and forsook her. The Lady, after the first Indignation of her Passion was over, grew as indifferent, and consider'd how she should retrieve the King's Heart; the Occasion was luckily given her one Morning, while at her Window she was dressing, seeing the King coming by; she made haste down with her Hair about her Ears, and threw her self at his Feet, implor'd his Pardon, and vow'd Constancy for the future. The good King, vanquish'd with the Sight, took her up, and protested no Man could see her and not

love,

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well-love, waited on her up to her Lodging, and there compleated the Reconciliation. The Story of his Lordship's turning of Mountebank, is in every Body's Mouth, and therefore would be superfluous to mention here. And now finding my Discourse swell'd to a larger Bulk than I design'd it, having given your Grace a Specimen of his Humour in the pursuit of odd adventures, I shall draw to a Conclusion.

The continual Course of Drinking, and a perpetual Decay of his Spirits in Love and Writing, had entirely broke his Constitution, and brought him into Consumption, of which, after a lingering Sickness, he died at the Lodge in Woodstock Park, on the 26th of July 1680, at Two in the Morning, without any Pangs at all, Nature being spent, and all the Food of Life quite gone, in the Three and thirtieth Year of his Age.

As for his Repentance, and those Arguments produc'd by Bp. Burnet, I am apt to depend on his Veracity, notwithstanding some Reports to the contrary, tho'

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tho' asserted with the Boldness which only belongs to Truth. For my Lord was a Master of too much Reason to be an Atheist, or, when he came calmly to consider, not to be a Christian, which must necessarily lead him to that Repentance the Doctor assures us of.

It may here be expected, that I should give a Character of his Lordship's Writings, Genius, Temper, and the like; but the first are so well defended already, that there is nothing left for me to add, and it is so difficult a Matter to paint the latter, that I am afraid to attempt it. However, since it seems the Duty of the Task I have undertaken, I shall venture to add a few Words on both.

He had a Strength of Expression, and a Happiness of Thought peculiar to himself, and seems to me, of all the Moderns, to have come nearest the Ancients in Satyr, not excepting our *Boileau*; for tho' he be very correct, and has spar'd no Pains to dress the Satyr of *Horace* in good *French*, yet it
smells

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smells too much of the Lamp. Whereas, when any Thought of *Horace*, *Juvenal*, *Persius*, or *Boileau*, falls in my Lord's Verses, it is plainly his Lordship's, without any Marks of borrowing it from any other, the Spirit and Easiness of the whole, being of a Piece. His looser Songs, and Pieces, tho' too obscene for the Ladies Eyes, have their peculiar Beauties, and are indeed too dangerous to peruse; for what would have render'd them nauseous, if they had been writ by a Genius less powerful, in him alarms the Fancy, and rouses the Blood and Appetite more, than all the Medicaments of *Cleopatra*. There are two Books in *Latin* that seem to be wrote with my Lord's Spirit, the Satyr of *Petronius Arbiter*, and *Meurcius* a Modern, where the Beauty of the Expression, and the Strength of the Spirit and Fancy, have given a sort of Merit to Lewdness, which no other Writers could ever obtain.

As for his Lordship's Temper, it was various, as he was more or less inspir'd with

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with Wine. He was an excellent Mimick and in all his Frolicksome Disguises, he so truly personated the Thing he would seem, that his most intimate Acquaintance could not discover the Imposture. The Pleasure he gave in his Conversation, was a Snare to him, for his Mirth increasing with his Liquor, many Persons of Quality of his Friends promoted the Glass to his Detriment, for their own Satisfaction. It is certain, that in his own natural Temper, that is, when he was sober, he was a good-natur'd Man, and had not that Allay of Malice, which in many Things he discover'd, when his Temper was perverted by a Debauch. He had a particular Pique to *Dryden*, after his mighty Success in the Town, either because he was sensible, that he deserv'd not that Applause for his Tragedies, which the mad unthinking Audience gave them; (which Corruptness of Taste, was afterwards something corrected by the Duke of *Buckingham's Rehearsal*) or whether

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whether it was out of Indignation of
having any Rival in Reputation, either
as a Poet in general, or a Satyrift in
particular : Satyr, indeed, being one of
the chief Excellencies of Mr. *Dryden*, as
well as of my Lord *Rochester*. The Effect
of this was discover'd by his Lordship's
setting up *Crown* in Opposition to him;
and recommended him to the King, or-
dering him to make a Masque for the
Court, when it was the Business of the
Poet-Laureat. But when *Crown's Hieru-*
salem had met with as wild, and unac-
countable Success, as the *Almanzors*, his
Lordship withdrew his Favours, as if he
would be still in Contradiction to the
Town, and in that, perhaps, he was ge-
nerally in the Right ; for of all Audiences
in polite Nations, perhaps there is not one
that judges so very falsely of the *Drama*,
unless it be the *Spaniards*, who seem to
have much the same wild injudicious
Taste, as the incomparable *Cervantes* has
shown in his *Don Quixot*. He was ge-
nerally fickle in his Amours, and made
no

The Life of the

no great Scruple of his Oaths of Fidelity
Sir George *Etherege* wrote *Dorimant*
Sir *Fopling*, in Compliment to him
drawing his Lordships Character, and
burnishing all the Foibles of it, to make
'em shine like Perfections. In short, he
was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and
would spare nothing that could strengthen
and increase the first, or promote the last.

Thus, Madam, I have comply'd with
your Grace's Desire, and if I have not
given you diverting Relations enough of
his Lordship, you must impute it to the
Limits of a Letter, to which I was confin'd;
but I am ready at any Time to
write all I know, or that can conveniently
be convey'd to your Grace's View.
I am,

M A D A M,

Your Grace's, &c.

St. Evremont

T Here is now printed, in a neat Pocket-Volume, a New
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T H

C.

R.



To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and
others, whether of City, Town, or
Country, *ALEXANDER BENDO*
willeth all Health and Prosperity.



*Whereas, this Famous Metropolis
of England; (and were the En-
deavours of its worthy Inhabi-
tants equal to their Power, Me-
rit and Virtue, I should not stick to denounce
it, in a short Time, the Metropolis of the
whole World:) Whereas, I say, this City
(as most Great Ones are) has ever been in-
fested with a numerous Company of such,
whose arrogant Confidence, back'd with their
Ignorance, has enabled them to impose upon*

2 1 Vc 1 R

the

the People, either by premeditated Cheats, or, at best, the palpable, dull, and empty Mistakes of their self-deluded Imaginations in Physick, Chymical and Galenick; in Astrology, Physiognomy, Palmestry, Mathematicks, Alchymy, and even in Government it self: The last of which, I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it no ways belongs to my Trade or Vocation, as the rest do; which (Thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think, equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practis'd by many unlearned Wretches, whom Poverty and Neediness for the most Part (if not the restless Itch of Deceiving) has forc'd to straggle and wander in unknown Paths, that even the Professions themselves, though originally the Products of the most Learned and Wise Mens laborious Studies and Experiences, and by them, left a Wealthy and Glorious Inheritance for Ages to come, seem by this Bastard Race of Quacks and Cheats, to have been run out of all Wif-

Wisdom, Learning, Perspicuousness, and Truth, with which they were so plentifully stock'd; and now run into a Repute of meer Mists, Imaginations, Errors, and Deceits, such as, in the Management of these idle Professors, indeed they were.

You will therefore (I hope) Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, deem it but just, that I, who for some Years have, with all Faithfulness and Assiduity courted these Arts, and received such signal Favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full Enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest Secrets, should, with an Earnestness and Concern more than ordinary, take their Parts against these impudent Fops, whose saucy, impertinent Addresses and Pretensions, have brought such a Scandal upon their most immaculate Honours and Reputations.

Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul Play my self, I would have given you so fair Warning by my severe Observa-

tions upon others. Qui alterum incusat probri, ipsum se intueri oportet. *Plaut.* However, Gentlemen, in a World like this, where Virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and Hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one (arm'd with Suspicion) stands upon his Guard against it, 'twill be very hard for a Stranger especially, to escape Censure. All I shall say for my self on this Score, is this: If I appear to any one like a Counterfeit, even for the Sake of that chiefly, ought I to be construed a True Man: Who is the Counterfeit's Example? His Original, and that which he employs his Industry and Pains to imitate and copy: Is it therefore my Fault, if the Cheat, by his Wits and Endeavours, makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling of him? Consider, pray, the Valiant, and the Coward; the wealthy Merchant, and the Bankrupt; the Politician, and the Fool; they are the same in many Things, and differ but in one alone. The Valiant Man holds up his Head, looks confidently round about him, wears a Sword,

Sword, courts a Lord's Wife, and owns it :
 So does the Coward ; one only Point of Honour, and that's Courage, (which, like false Metal, one only Tryal can discover) makes the Distinction.

The Bankrupt walks the Exchange, buys Bargains, draws Bills, and accepts them with the Richest, whilst Paper and Credit are Current Coin : That which makes the Difference is Real Cash ; a great Defect indeed, and yet but one, and that the last found out, and still, 'till then, the least perceiv'd.

Now for the Politician, he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying Man: Pray, are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying Fools ?

If then the Difference betwixt all these (though Infinite in Effect) be so Nice in all Appearance ; will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the False Physician, Astroger, &c. and the True ? The First calls him-
 c 3 self

self Learned Doctor, sends forth his Bills, gives Physick and Counsel, tells and foretells; the other is bound to do just as much; 'Tis only your Experience must distinguish between them, to which I willingly submit my self: I'll only say something to the Honour of the Mountebank, in case you discover me to be one.

Reflect a little what kind of Creature 'tis: He is one then who is fain to supply some higher Ability he pretends to, with Craft; he draws great Companies to him by undertaking strange Things, which can never be effected. The Politician (by his Example no doubt) finding how the People are taken with specious miraculous Impossibilities, plays the same Game, protests, declares, promises I know not what Things, which he is sure can never be brought about: The People believe, are deluded, and pleased; The Expectation of a future Good, which shall never befall them, draws their Eyes off a present Evil. Thus are they kept and establish'd
in

in Subjection, Peace, and Obedience; He in Greatness, Wealth, and Power. So you see the Politician is, and must be, a Mountebank in State Affairs; and the Mountebank no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant Politician in Physick. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the Things in which I pretend chiefly at this Time to serve my Country.

First, I will (by the Leave of God) perfectly cure that Labe Britannica, or Grand English Disease, the Scurvy, and that with such Ease to my Patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least Inconvenience, whilst I steal his Distemper from him. I know there are many who treat this Disease with Mercury, Antimony, Spirits, and Salts, being dangerous Remedies, in which I shall meddle very little, and with great Caution, but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible Medicines; together with the Observation of some few Rules in Diet, perfectly cure the Patient, having freed him from all the

Symptoms, as Looseness of the Teeth, Scorbutick Spots, Want of Appetite, Pains and Lassitude in the Limbs and Joints, especially the Legs. And to say true, there are few Distempers in this Nation that are not, or at least proceed not originally, from the Scurvy; which were it well rooted out, (as I make no Question to do it from all those who shall come into my Hands) there would not be heard of so many Gouts, Aches, Dropsies, and Consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy Humors which generate Stones in the Kidneys and Bladder, are for the most Part Offsprings of the Scurvy. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant Race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the Nature of their Distempers, and the Grounds I proceed upon to their Cure: So will all reasonable People be satisfied, that I treat them with Care, Honesty, and Understanding; for I am not of their Opinion, who endeavour to render their Vocations rather Mysterious than Useful and Satisfactory.

I will not here make a Catalogue of Dis-
 eases and Distempers; it behoves a Physician,
 I am sure, to understand them all; but if
 any one come to me (as I think there are very
 few that have escap'd my Practice) I shall
 not be asham'd to own to my Patient where
 I find my self to seek, and at least he shall
 be secure with me from having Experiments
 tried upon him; a Privilege he can ne-
 ver hope to enjoy, either in the Hands of
 the Grand Doctors of the Court and Town,
 or in those of the lesser Quacks and Mounte-
 banks.

It is thought fit, that I assure you of great
 Secrecy, as well as Care in Diseases, where
 it is requisite, whether Venereal or other;
 as some peculiar to Women, the Green-Sick-
 ness, Weaknesses, Inflammations, or Ob-
 structions in the Stomach, Reins, Liver,
 Spleen, &c. for I would put no Word in
 my Bill that bears any unclean Sound, it is
 enough that I make my self understood. I
 have seen Physicians Bills as Bawdy as Ar-
 tine's Dialogues, which no Man that walks

warily before God can approve of; but cure all Suffocations in those Parts producing Fits of the Mother, Convulsions, Nocturnal Inquietudes, and other strange Accidents not fit to be set down here, perswading young Women very often, that their Hearts are like to break for Love, when God knows the Distemper lies far enough from that Place.

I have likewise got the Knowledge of a great Secret, to cure Barrenness (proceeding from any accidental Cause, as it often falls out and no natural Defect; for Nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by Man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it;) which I have made use of for many Years with great Success, especially this last Year, wherein I have cured one Woman that had been married Twenty Years, and another that had been married One and twenty Years, and two Women that had been Three times married; as I can make appear by the Testimony of several Persons in London, Westminster, and other Places thereabouts. The
Me-

Medicines I use, cleanse and strengthen the
 womb, and are all to be taken in the Space
 seven Days. And because I do not in-
 tend to deceive any Person, upon Discourse
 with them, I will tell them whether I am
 like to do them any Good. My usual Con-
 tract is, to receive one Half of what is agreed
 upon when the Party shall be Quick with
 child, the other Half when she is brought to
 bed.

Cures of this Kind I have done signal
 and many; for the which, I doubt not but I
 have the good Wishes, and hearty Prayers,
 of many Families, who had else pin'd out
 their Days under the deplorable and reproach-
 ful Misfortunes of Barren Wombs, leaving
 plentiful Estates and Possessions to be in-
 herited by Strangers.

As to Astrological Predictions, Physiog-
 nomy, Divination by Dreams, and otherwise,
 Palmestry I have no Faith in, because there
 can be no Reason alledg'd for it) my own
 Experience has convinc'd me more of their
 considerable Effects, and marvellous Ope-
 rations,

rations, chiefly in the Directions of future Proceedings, to the avoiding of Dangers that threaten, and laying hold of Advantages that might offer themselves.

I say, my own Practice has convinced me more than all the sage and wise Writings extant, of those Matters; for I might say this for my self (did it not look like Ostentation) that I have very seldom failed in my Predictions, and often been very serviceable in my Advice; how far I am capable in this Way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in Print: Those who have no Opinion of the Truth of this Art, will not, I suppose come to me about it; such as have, I make no Question of giving them ample Satisfaction.

Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my Willingness to practise rare Secrets (though somewhat collateral to my Profession) for the Help, Conservation, and Augmentation of Beauty and Comeliness of a Thing created at first by God, chiefly for the Glory of his own Name, and then for

the better Establishment of mutual Love
between Man and Woman; for when God
had bestowed on Man the Power of Strength
and Wisdom, and thereby rendered Woman
able to the Subjection of his absolute Will,
it seemed but requisite, that she should be
endued likewise, in Recompence, with some
equality, that might beget in him Admira-
tion of her, and so enforce his Tenderneſs
and Love.

The Knowledge of theſe Secrets, I ga-
ther'd in my Travels abroad (where I have
spent my Time ever ſince I was Fifteen Years
old to this my Nine and Twentieth Year)
in France and Italy: Thoſe that have tra-
velled in Italy will tell you, to what a Mi-
racle Art does there aſſiſt Nature in the
Preſervation of Beauty; how Women of Forty
Preſent the ſame Countenance with thoſe of
fifteen: Ages are no ways diſtinguiſh'd by
their Faces; whereas here in England, look a
Horse in the Mouth, and a Woman in the
Face, you preſently know both their Ages to
the Year. I will therefore give you ſuch Re-
medies,

medies, that without destroying your Complexion (as most of your Paints and Daubings do) shall render them purely fair clearing and preserving them from all Spots, Freckles, Heats, Pimples, and Marks of the Small-Pox, or any other accidental Ones, so the Face be not seam'd or scarr'd.

I will also cleanse and preserve your Teeth white and round as Pearls, fast'ning them that are loose; your Gums shall be kept entire, as red as Corral, your Lips of the same Colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful Kisses.

I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of Breaths, provided the Lungs be not totally perish'd and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible Remedies for those whose Breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing, but either a very long Sickness, or Old Age it self, shall ever be able to spoil them.

I will besides (if it be desir'd) take away from their Fatness, who have overmuch, and add Flesh to those that want it, with-

at the least Detriment to their Constitu-
tions.

Now should Galen himself look out of
his Grave, and tell me these were Baubles
below the Profession of a Physician; I would
boldly answer him, That I take more Glory
in preserving God's Image, in its unble-
ish'd Beauty, upon one good Face, than I
could do in patching up all the decayed Car-
casses in the World.

They that will do me the Favour to come
to me, shall be sure from Three of the Clock
in the Afternoon till Eight at Night, at
my Lodgings in Tower-street, next Door to
the Sign of the Black Swan, at a Gold-
smith's House, to find

Their Humble Servant

ALEXANDER BENDO.

101

Now let us go to the
 ground and let us see
 on the surface of a
 dry surface, what
 remains of the
 water, when the
 sun is shining.

[illegible]

1945

ALFRED HENCOCK



The WORKS of the
Right Honourable J O H N,
late Earl of Rochester.

A SATYR against M A N:
Imitated from Monsieur Boileau.



HERE I (who to my Cost already
(am

One of those strange prodigious
(Creatures, Man)

A Spirit free to chuse for my own Share

What Case of Flesh and Blood I'd please to

I'd be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,

(wear,

Or any Thing, but that vain Animal,

Who is so proud of being Rational.

A

His

His Senses are too gross, and he'll contrive
A Sixth to contradict the other Five ;
And before certain Instinct, will prefer
Reason, which Fifty Times for One does err :
Reason, an *Ignis Fatuus* in the Mind,
Which leaving Light of Nature (Sense) behind,
Pathless and dang'rous wand'ring Ways it takes,
Thro' Errors, Fenny Bogs, and Thorny Brakes;
Whilst the misguided Follower climbs with Pain,
Mountains of Whimsies heap'd in his own Brains;
Stumbling from Thought to Thought, falls
(headlong down
Into Doubts boundless Sea, where, like to drown,
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To swim with Bladders of Philosophy,
In Hopes still to o'ertake the skipping Light ;
The Vapour dances in his dazzling Sight,
'Till spent, it leaves him to eternal Night.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 3

Then Old Age and Experience, Hand in Hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him understand,
After a Search so painful, and so long,

That all his Life he has been in the Wrong.

Huddl'd in Dirt the Reas'ning Engine lies,

Who was so Proud, so Witty, and so Wise.

Pride drew him in, as Cheats their Bubbles catch,

And make him venture to be made a Wretch.

His Wisdom did his Happiness destroy,

Aiming to know what World he should enjoy.

And Wit was his vain frivolous Pretence,

Of pleasing others at his own Expence.

For Wits are treated just like common Whores,

First they're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of Doors.

The Pleasure past, a threatening Doubt remains,

That Frights th'Enjoyer with succeeding Pains.

Women and Men of Wit are dangerous Tools,

And ever Fatal to admiring Fools.

Pleasure allures, and when the *Fops* escape,
'Tis not that they're belov'd, but fortunate ;
And therefore what they fear, at least they hate.

But now, methinks, some formal Band and Beard
Takes me to Task. Come on, Sir, I'm prepar'd.

*Then, by your Favour, any thing that's writ
Against this Gibing jingling Knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly ; but take you care,
Upon this Point, not to be too severe.
Perhaps my Muse were fitter for this Part,
For I profess I can be very smart
On Wit, which I abhor with all my Heart :
I long to lash it in some sharp Essay ;
But your grand Indiscretion bids me stay,
And turns my Tide of Ink another way.
What Rage firments in your degen'rate Mind,
To make you rail at Reason and Mankind ?*

Bless

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 5

*Bless'd, glorious Man, to whom alone, kind Heav'n
An everlasting Soul has freely given,
Whom his great Maker took such Care to make,
That from himself he did the Image take,
And this fair Frame in shining Reason drest,
To dignify his Nature above Beast.
Reason, by whose aspiring Influence
We take a Flight beyond Material Sense ;
Dive into Mysteries, then soaring, pierce
The Boundless Limits of the Universe ;
Search Heav'n and Hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the World true Grounds of Hope and Fear.
Hold, mighty Man, I cry ; all this we know
From the Pathetick Pen of Ingelo ;
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very Reason I despise
This supernatural Gift, that makes a Mite
Think he's the Image of the Infinite,*

Comparing his short Life, void of all Rest,
To the *Eternal* and the ever Blest.

This busy puzzling stirrer up of Doubt,
That frames deep *Mysteries*, then find's 'em out;
Filling with Frantick Crowds of thinking *Fools*,
Those Reverend *Bedlams*, *Colleges*, and *Schools*;
Born on whose Wings, each heavy *Sot* can pierce
The Limits of the Boundless Universe.

So charming Ointments make an Old *Witch* fly,
'And bear a crippl'd Carcass through the Sky.
'Tis this exalted Power, whose Bus'ness lies
In *Nonsense* and *Impossibilities*.

This made a whimsical *Philosopher*,
Before the spacious *World* his *Tub* prefer;
'And we have modern *Cloyster'd Coxcombs*, who
Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.
But Thoughts are giv'n for Action's Government;
Where Action ceases, Thought's impertinent.

Our.

Our Sphere of Action is Life's Happiness ;
And he who thinks beyond, thinks like an *Ass*.
Thus whilst against false Reas'ning I inveigh,
I own right *Reason*, which I would obey ;
That *Reason* that distinguishes by Sense,
And gives us *Rules* of Good and Ill from thence ;
That bounds Desires with a reforming Will,
To keep 'em more in Vigour, not to kill.
Your *Reason* hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing Appetites yours would destroy.
My Reason is my Friend, yours is a Cheat ;
Hunger calls out, my Reason bids me eat ;
Perverfly yours, your Appetite does mock,
This asks for Food, that answers, What's a Clock ?
This plain distinction, Sir, your Doubt secures ;
'Tis not true Reason I despise, but yours.
Thus I think Reason righted ; but for Man,
I'll n'er recant, defend him if you can.

For all his Pride, and his Philosophy,
'Tis evident, Beasts are in their Degree
As wise at least, and better far than he.
Those Creatures are the wisest, who attain,
By surest Means, the Ends at which they aim ;
If therefore *Fowler* finds and kills his Hare,
Better than *Meers* supplies Committee-Chair ;
Tho' one's a Statesman, t'other but a Hound,
Fowler in Justice will be wiser found.
You see how far Man's Wisdom here extends ;
Look next, if Human Nature makes Amends,
Whose Principles most gen'rous are, and just,
And to whose Morals you would sooner trust.
Be Judge your self, I'll bring it to the Test,
Which is the basest Creature, Man or Beast.
Birds feed on Birds, Beasts on each other prey ;
But salvage Man alone do's Man betray.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 9

press'd by Necessity, they kill for Food ;
Man undoes Man, to do himself no Good :
With Teeth and Claws by Nature arm'd, they
(hunt
Nature's Allowance, to supply their Want ;
But Man with Smiles, Embraces, Friendships,
(Praise,
Inhumanly his Fellows Life betrays,
With voluntary Pains works his Distress,
Not through Necessity, but Wantonness.
Is; For Hunger or for Love they bite or tear,
Whilst wretched Man is still in Arms for Fear ;
For Fear he arms, and is of Arms afraid,
From Fear to Fear successively betray'd.
Base Fear, the Source whence his best Passion
(came,
His boasted Honour, and his dear-bought Fame ;

That

That Lust of Power, to which he's such a Slave,
And for the which alone he dares be Brave ;
To which his various Projects are design'd,
Which makes him gen'rous, affable, and kind ;
For which he takes such Pains to be thought wise,
And screws his Actions in a forc'd Disguise,
Leading a tedious Life in Misery,
Under laborious mean Hypocrisy.
Look to the bottom of his vast Design,
Wherein Man's Wisdom, Power, and Glory joyn;
The Good he acts, the Ill he does endure ;
'Tis all for Fear, to make himself secure.
Meerly for Safety, after Fame we thirst ;
For all Men would be Cowards, if they durst ;
And Honesty against all common Sense,
Men must be Knaves, 'tis in their own Defence.
Mankind's dishonest, if you think it fair,
Amongst known Cheats to play upon the Square,
You'll

You'll be undone——

Nor can weak Truth your Reputation save,

The Knaves will all agree to call you Knave.

Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,

Who dares be less a Villain than the rest.

Thus, Sir, you see what Human Nature craves,

Most Men are Cowards, all Men should be
(Knaves ;

The Difference lies (as far as I can see)

Not in the Thing it self, but the Degree ;

And all the Subject Matter of Debate,

Is only who's a Knave of the First Rate.

All this with Indignation have I hurl'd

At the pretending Part of the proud World,

Who swol'n with selfish Vanity, devise

False Freedoms, Holy Cheats, and formal Lies,

Over their Fellow-Slaves to tyrannize.

But

But if in Court so just a Man there be,
 (In Court a just Man, yet unknown to me)
 Who does his needful Flattery direct,
 Not to oppose and ruin, but protect ;
 Since Flattery, which way soever laid,
 Is still a Tax on that unhappy Trade.
 If so upright a Statesman you can find,
 Whose Passion bends to his unbiass'd Mind,
 Who does his Arts and Policies apply
 To raise his Country, not his Family ;
 Nor while his Pride known Avarice withstands
 Receives Aureal Bribes from Friends corrupted
 (Hands

Is there a Church-man who on God relies,
 Whose Life his Faith and Doctrine justifies ?
 Not one, blown up with vain Prelatick Pride,
 Who for Reproof of Sins does Man deride :

Whof

Whose envious Heart makes Preaching a Pre- (tence,)

With his obstreperous saucy Eloquence

To chide at Kings, and rail at Men of Sense ;)

Who from his Pulpit vents more peevish Lyes,

More bitter Railings, Scandals, Calumnies,

Then at a Gossiping are thrown about

When the good Wives get drunk, and then (fall out.

None of the sensual Tribe, whose Talents lie

In Avarice, Pride, Sloth and Gluttony ;

Who hunt good Livings, but abhor good (Lives ;

Whose Lust exalted to that Height arrives,

They act Adultery with their own Wives :

And e'er a score of Years compleated be,

Can from the lofty Pulpit proudly see

Half a large Parish their own Progeny.

Nor

Nor doating *Bishop*, who would be ador'd
For Domineering at the Council Board ;
A greater Fop in Business at Fourscore,
Fonder of serious Toys, affected more
Than the Gay glittering Fool at Twenty proves
With all his Noise, his Taudry Clothes and Loves.

But a meek humble Man, of honest Sense,
Who, preaching Peace, does practice Conti-
(nence;

Whose pious Life's a Proof he does believe
Mysterious Truths, which no Man can conceive.
If upon Earth there dwell such Godly Men,
I'll here recant my Paradox to them ;
Adore those Shrines of Virtue, Homage pay,
And with the Rabble World their Laws obey :
If such there are, yet grant me this at least,
Man differs more from Man, than Man from
(Beast.

Horace's 10th Satyr of the First Book
Imitated.

Nempe in composito dixi pede, &c.

WELL, Sir, 'tis granted I said DRYDEN'S
(Rhimes

Were stoll'n, unequal, nay dull many Times :

What foolish Patron is there found of his,

So blindly partial to deny me this?

But that his Plays, Embroider'd up and down

With Wit and Learning, justly please the Town,

In the same Paper I as freely own.

Yet having this allow'd, the heavy Mass

That stuffs up his loose Volumes, must not pass ;

For by that Rule, I might as well admit

CROWN'S tedious Scenes for Poetry and Wit.

'Tis therefore not enough, when your false Sence

Hits the false Judgment of an Audience

16 *Miscellaneous WORKS,*

Of clapping Fools assembling, a vast Crowd,
Till the throng'd Play-House crack with the dull
(Load,
Tho' even that Talent merits, in some sort,
That can divert the Rabble and the Court;
Which blundering SETTLE never could attain
And puz'ling OTWAY labours at in vain,
But within due Proportion circumscribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing Tide
The Stile may rise, yet in its Rise forbear
With useless Words to oppress the weary'd Ear
Here be your Language lofty, there more light
Your Rhetorick with your Poetry unite;
For Elegance sake, sometimes allay the Force
Of Epithet, 'twill soften the Discourse.
A Jest in Scorn points out, and hits the Thing
More home, than the Morosest Satyr's Sting.

SHAKE

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 17

SHAKESPEARE and JONSON did in this excell,
And might herein be imitated well ;

Whom refin'd ETHEREGE copies not at all,
But is himself a meer Original.

Nor that flow Drudge in swift Pindaric Strains,

FLATMAN, who COWLEY imitates with Pains,

And Rides a Jaded Muse, whipt, with loose
(Reins.)

When LEE makes Temperate SCIPIO fret and
(rave,

And HANNIBAL a whining amorous Slave,

I laugh, and with the hot-brain'd Fustian Fool

In BUSBY's Hands, to be well lash'd at School.

Of all our Modern Wits, none seem to me

Once to have touch'd upon true COMEDY,

But hasty SHADWELL, and slow WYCHERLEY.

SHADWELL's Unfinish'd Works, do yet impart

Great Proofs of Force of Nature, none of Art ;

With just bold Strokes he dashes here and there,
 Showing great Mastery, with little Care;
 Scorning to varnish his good Touches o're
 To make the Fools and Women praise him more.
 But WYCHERLEY earns hard what e'er he gains;
 He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains:
 He frequently excels; and at the least,
 Makes fewer Faults than any of the rest.

WALLER, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
 With Force, and Fire, and Fancy unconfin'd
 In Panegyric does excell Mankind:

He best can turn, enforce, and soften Things,
 To praise great Conquerors, and flatter Kings.
 For pointed Satyr I would BUCKHURST choose,

(Muse.
 The best Good Man with the worst-natur'd

For Songs and Verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by Springs unseen,
And, without forcing Blushes, warm the Queen;
SEDLEY has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can with a resistless Power impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart,
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire
Betwixt declining Virtue, and Desire;
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night; in Sighs and Tears all Day.
DRYDEN in vain try'd this nice Way of Wit,
For he to be a tearing Blade thought fit;
But when he would be sharp, he still was blunt,
To frisk and frolick Fancy he'd cry —
Wou'd give the Ladies a dry bawdy Bob:
And thus he got the Name of Poet Squab.
But to be just, 'twill to his Praise be found,
His Excellencies, more than Faults, abound;

Nor dare I from his Sacred Temples tear
 The Laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
 But does not DRYDEN find even JONSON dull?
 BEAUMONT and FLETCHER incorrect, and full
 Of *Lewd Lines*, as he calls 'em? SHAKESPEAR'S
 (Stile
 Stiff and affected? To his own the while,
 Allowing all the Justice that his Pride
 So arrogantly had to these deny'd?
 And may not I have Leave impartially
 (try
 To search and Censure DRYDEN'S Works, and
 If those gross Faults his choice Pen doth commit
 Proceed from want of Judgment, or of Wit?
 Or if his lumpish Fancy does refuse
 Spirit and Grace to his loose flattern Muse?
 Five hundred Verses every Morning writ,
 Prove him no more a Poet, than a Wit:

Such

Such Scribling Authors have been seen before
Mustapha, the *Island Princess*, Forty more
Were Things, perhaps, compos'd in half an hour.

To write what may securely stand the Test
Of being well read over thrice at least,
Compare each Phrase, examine every Line,
Weigh every Word, and every Thought refine,
Scorn all Applause the vile Rout can bestow,
And be content to please those few who know.
Canst thou be such a vain mistaken Thing,
To wish thy Works might make a *Playhouse*
(ring
With the unthinking Laughter, and poor Praise
Of Fops, and Ladies, Factious for thy Plays?
Then send a cunning Friend, to learn thy doom
From the shrewd Judges in the Drawing Room.

I've no Ambition on that Idle Score,
 But say with BETTY MORRIS heretofore,
 When a Court Lady call'd her BUCKHURST'S
 (Whore : }
 I please one Man of Wit, am proud on't too ;
 Let all the Coxcombs dance to Bed to you.
 Should I be troubled when the PURBLIND }
 (KNIGHT, }
 Who squints more in his Judgment, than his }
 (Sight, }
 Picks silly Faults, and Censures what I write ? }
 Or when the poor-fed Poets of the Town,
 For Scabs and Coach-room, cry my Verses down ?
 I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me
 If SEDLEY, SHADWEL, SHEPPARD, WICHERLEY,
 GODOLPHIN, BUTLER, BUCKHURST, BUCK- }
 (INGHAM, }
 And some few more, whom I omit to Name, }
 Approve my Sense, I count their Censure Fame. }

THE
Nature of WOMEN:
A
SATYR.

YE Sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra*, be by,
While you, *POLYMNIA*, prompt my
(Memory,
And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue,
Lest Woman should complain I do her wrong,
Woman! that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Just or Good delight;
In vain would Man prescribe Laws to the Fool,
Whose Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule:
Who ne'er considers what is Wrong or Right,
But all she does is meer Design or Spite;

When she should run, she's aptest to sit still,
Ready to fly to contradict Your Will;
Her Temper so extravagant we find,
She hates, or is impertinently kind;
Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil,
And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil;
Can smile or weep, be foolish or seem wise,
Or any thing, so she may Tyrannize:
What she will now, anon she will not do,
Had rather cross her self, than not cross you.
She has a prattling, vain, and double Tongue,
Inconstant, Roving, and loves nothing long.
Imperious, Bloody, so made up of Passion,
She is the very Fire-brand of the Nation.

Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to trust,
And Covetous, to spend it on her Lust;

Her

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 25

Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of
(Wind,

The heavy Yoak, and Burthen of Mankind,

Where e'er she comes, she Strife with her does
(bring,

Her Life's but one entire Gossiping;

At which, with endless Talking, Drunk she grows,

And round about her, Scoffs and Slanders throws.

When she is Young, she whores herself for Sport,

And when she's Old, she Bawds for her Support;

And in her Bawding no Exception makes,

But a good Price for her own Daughter takes,

Who well instructed in her Mothers Tricks,

May make her Mistress of a Coach and six.

Of the demurest Saint, she makes a Bitch

Deny you nothing to be Great, or Rich;

Philters and Charms the Devil and all employ,

Rather than not what she desires Enjoy.

She

She is a Snare, a Shamble, and a Stews,
Her Meat and Sawce she does for Letch'ry chuse,
And does in Laziness delight the more,
Because by that she is provok'd to Whore:
Her Beauty and her Tongue, serve both one End,
First to ensnare, and then betray her Friend;
She may defer the Punishment she gives,
But ne'er forget th'Injury she receives:
Ungrateful, Treach'rous, enviously enclin'd,
Wild Beasts are tam'd, Floods easier far confin'd,
Than is her stubborn and rebellious Mind.
Sh'exclaims, reproaches, one Friend to another,
And spares not her own Father, or her Mother;
Delights in all the Mischief she can do,
Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too;
False to her Promises, and best of Friends,
Oblig'd by nothing but her own base Ends;

Deludes,

cludes, defames you with her subtle Tricks,
 All something on your Reputation sticks.
 These are her Vertues, and her only Fears
 Are, that she shall not set you by the Ears ;
 To which ill Purpose, her false Tongue's im-
 (ploy'd,
 Whisp'ring will not do't she'll talk aloud ;
 Will spare no Pains to speak in your Dispraise,
 And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raise ;
 Hide Mischiefs where they are, find 'em where's
 (none,
 And, as Time serves, alter her Looks and Tone.
 Wouldst thou on Quicksand for thy Safety walk,
 Converse with *Woman*, and believe her Talk ;
 Wouldst thou a Serpent in thy Bosom bear,
 Men hug the Sorcerers, entertain her there ;
 All her Arts and Industry should fail,
 To ruin thee, her Malice would prevail ;

If

If possible thy Senses she'd surprize.

And even Cuckold thee before thy Eyes,

And yet with Modesty the Fact would pain

Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint.

When the Time serves, she'll make Things Fall
(seem True

And Truths for Falshoods, would impose on you

And by the Serpent taught when *Adam* fell,

Has learnt t'outdo the blackest Arts of Hell.

These sad Examples, which I here produce,

Serve to confirm they will no Crime refuse,

And that such Deeds as Cruelty would shun,

Have by their Hands, or for their Sakes, been
(done

Tempted with Bracelets, which *K. Tallius* won

Besides an Itching which she had to Whore,

Arpeia once the Capitol did sell,
to the paid Foe, by whose own Sword she fell,
and for her Treason was rewarded well.

Ellen that follow'd the Adulterer,

twixt *Greece* and *Italy* fomented War;

for twice five Years the deadly Feud had burn'd,

When conquer'd *Troy* was into Ashes turn'd.

Amiramis, whose Hands in Blood were cloy'd,

With Murthering all the Men she had enjoy'd,

to set the petty Luxuries off the more,

for *Ninus* burn'd, who stabb'd th'incestuous

(Whore:

the cruel *Bellides* one Night did slay,

the unhappy Bridegroom on their Bosom lay;

but here a Miracle I must declare,

The only Mercy to the Sex we hear,

One of the Fifty did her Husband spare.

Such

Such are the Mercies which we are to trust,
So dangerous is a Woman's Hate and Lust.

Rebecca did with Ven'son *Isaac* treat,

Women seem kindest, when they mean to cheat

And so the poor Dim-sighted Man deceiv'd,

And *Esa*u of the Blessing she bereav'd.

Our Mother *Eve*, to please her liquorish Taste,

Did out of Paradise old *Adam* cast,

And they'll all help to damn us at the last.

Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,

And by the Rural Gods of every Grove,

As you desire your tender Flocks should thrive,

And you your selves in Peace and Safty live,

That those base Cattel from your Herds you
drive.

Thestylis, *Phillis*, and inconstant *Chloris*,

Nerea, *Galatea*, and *Lycoris* :

Let 'em live like the unregarded Throng,
No more the Subject of your Verse and Song,
On whose Injustice, you in vain exclaim'd,
What Woman e'er had Grace to be reclaim'd,
Now grown old, by long Experience Wise,
Can set Things past to come before your Eyes,
And from their Cheats can pluck off the Dis-
(guise.)

On a False Mistress.

Farewell, false Woman! know I'll ever be
A dumb Man to thy Sex, and dead to thee;
Thy Breath's infectious, and thy Presence brings
To me a Thousand sharp and bitter Stings.
O Powers above! why did you Woman make
Without an Angel, and within a Snake;
They're Hells chief Engine, by the Devil made
To heighten and enlarge his growing Trade;

The

The only Fiend on Earth, the Devil's Friend,
A Thousand Souls to Hell they daily send.
Methinks I hear the Gods cry out aloud,
And these Black Words came reeling through a
(Cloud,
Beware false Woman, know she first began
To Ruin and Undo the State of Man.
Yet for Revenge I'll now resolve to be
A damn'd dissembling Lover, just like Thee :
But all my Business with so vile a Creature,
Shall be, as Men with Close-stools, to ease Na-
(ture
Blest is the Man, and happy is his State,
That loves a Woman at no other Rate.

WOMAN's Usurpation.

Woman was made Man's Sovereignty to ^{(own,}
And he as Monarch, was to rule alone;
She was his Vassal made, to dread
The Angry Frowns of Man, her Lord and ^{(Head.}
Heaven did to him the Power delegate,
O'er all the Universe he made him Great;
His Power did the largest Scepter sway,
The whole Creation did his Laws obey.
No Limits there were set to his Commands,
Tygers and Lions lick'd his Sacred Hands,
And Salvage Monsters gloried in his Bands;
The Legislative Power was fixt in him,
Just Man, 'till Woman tempted him to sin.

The Sun no sooner had began his Course,
Spreading his Gaudy Beams o'er the Universe;
Nature her self was hardly full awake;
The Planets did their Motions rarely make:
The Azure Orb, in which there's finely set,
The Glitt'ring Stars, scarce knew their Architect;
Air, Water, Earth, and Fire, did hardly find
Themselves pure Elements, and were enclin'd
To mix in Composition of each kind.
Man scarce had seen the first Resplendent Light,
E'er *Woman* brought forth everlasting Night;
Damn'd Pride invited her at first to sin,
Ambition then the Devil usher'd in.
Those for Ten thousand more have Inlets made
And now she's Mistress of the Devil's Trade,
She'll Tempt, Lie, Cozen, Swear, Betray, and
(Cheat
Hell's Blackest Arts Ten thousand Times repeat

She will no longer in Subjection stand,
But Man must truckle to her harsh Command.
Toss'd with Tempestuous Storms of Haughty
(Pride,
Disorder'd Motions, all her Passions guide,
Till she destroys her Loving Lord and Bride.
How many sad Examples do we find
Of Husbands murder'd by the Female Kind,
Such are the Effects of their aspiring Mind.
No Laws, nor Goodness, could her Thoughts
(deter,
And Satan was forestall'd in seeing her;
From all Diviner Edicts out she flew,
And swell'd with Cursed Pride, no Compass (knew;
Such is the Rage of her infected Mind,
The Damns the Race and Stock of Poor Mankind,

And stifling Brimstone is the sweetest Scent
That burns, whilst Devils guard her Sable Tent,
Resolv'd to execute and ne'er repent,
Whate'er her wicked Malice can invent:
Since Heaven's Sacred Laws cannot restrain
Thy Will, and threat'ned Vengeance is in Vain,
Since to live Peaceful is thy greatest Pain;
Proceed, and then you'll Queen of Devils reign.

A Satyr against Marriage.

Husband, thou dull unpitied Miscreant,
Wedded to Noise, to Misery and Want:
Sold an Eternal Vassal for thy Life,
Oblig'd to Cherish and to Hate thy Wife.
Drudge on 'till Fifty at thy own Expence,
Breathe out thy Life in one Impertinence.

Repea

Repeat thy Loath'd Embraces every Night,
Prompted to Act by Duty, not Delight.
Christen thy froward Bantling once a Year.
And carefully thy Spurious Issue rear.
Go once a Week to see the Brat at Nurse,
And let the young Imposture drain thy Purse.
Hedge-Sparrow like, what Cuckows have begot,
Do thou maintain, Incorrigible Sot.
O! I could Curse the Pimp, (Who could do less?)
He's beneath Pity, and beyond Redress.
Pox on him, let him go, what can I say?
Anathemas on him are thrown away :
The Wretch is Marry'd, and hath known the worst,
And his great Blessing is, He can't be Curst.
Marriage ! O Hell and Furies, name it not,
Hence, hence, ye Holy Cheats, a Plot, a Plot!

Marriage! 'Tis but a Licenc'd Way to Sin,
A Noose to catch Religious Woodcocks in :
Or the Nick-Name of Love's Malicious Fiend,
Begot in Hell to persecute Mankind.

'Tis the Destroyer of our Peace and Health,
Mispender of our Time, our Strength, and
(Wealth,

The Enemy of Valour, Wit, Mirth, all
That we can Virtuous, Good, or Pleasant call.
By Day 'tis nothing but an endless Noise,
By Night the Eccho of forgotten Joys:
Abroad the Sport and Wonder of the Crowd,
At Home the Hourly Breach of what they vow'd.
In Youth it's *Opium* to our Lustful Rage,
Which sleeps awhile, but wakes again in Age,
It heaps on all Men much, but useless, Care,
For with more Trouble they less happy are.

Ye GODS! That Man, by his own Slavish Law,
Should on himself such Inconvenience draw.

If he would wiser Nature's Laws obey,
Those chalk him out a far more Pleasant Way,
When lusty Youth and flagrant Wine conspire,
To fan the Blood into a Generous Fire.

We must not think the Gallant will endure
The Puissant Issue of his Calenture,

Nor always in his single Pleasures burn,

Tho' Nature's Hand-maid sometimes serves the
(turn.

No, he must have a sprightly youthful Wench,

In equal Floods of Love his Flames to quench,

One that will hold him in her clasping Arms,

And in that Circle all his Spirits Charms,

That with new Motion, and unpractis'd Art,

Can raise his Soul, and reinsnare his Heart.

Hence spring the Noble, Fortunate, and Great,
Always begot in Passion, and in Heat.
But the Dull Offspring of the *Marriage* Bed,
What is it ! but a Human Piece of Lead ;
A Sottish Lump ingender'd of all Ills ;
Begot like Cats, against their Father's Wills ?
If it be Bastardiz'd, 'tis doubly spoil'd,
The Mothers Fears intail'd upon the Child,
Thus whether Illegitimate or not,
Cowards and Fools in Wedlock are begot.
Let no enabled Soul himself Debase
By Lawful Means to Bastardize his Race ;
But if he must pay Nature's Debt in kind,
To check his eager Passion, let him find
Some willing Female out, what tho' she be
The very Dregs and Scum of Infamy ;
Tho' she be Linsey-Woolsey, Baud and Whore,
Close-stool to *Venus*, Nature's Common-Shore,

Impudent, Foolish, Bawdy, and Disease,
The Sunday Crack of Suburb Prentices;
What then! she's better than a Wife by half,
And if thou'rt still unmarried, thou art safe.
With Whores thou can'st but venture; what
thou'st lost,
May be redeem'd again with Care and Cost;
But a Damn'd Wife, by inevitable Fate,
Destroys Soul, Body, Credit, and Estate.

The First SATYR of Juvenal Imitated.

Semper ego Auditor tantum, &c.

MUST I with Patience ever silent sit,
Perplex'd with Fools who will believe
they've Wit?

Must I find every Place by *Coxcombs* seiz'd,
Hear their affected Nonsense, and seem pleas'd?

Must

42 *Miscellaneous W O R K S,*

Must I meet *Henningham* where e'er I go,
Arp. Arran, Villain *Franck*, nay *Poultney* too?
 Shall *Hemet* pertly crawl from Place to Place,
 And scabby *Villers* for a Beauty pass?
 Shall *How* and *Brandon* Politicians prove,
 And *Southerland* presume to be in Love?
 Shall Pimping *Dencourt* patient Cuckolds blame,
Lumley and *Savage* 'gainst the Pope disclaim?
 Who can abstain from *Satyr* in this Age?
 What Nature wants, I find supply'd by Rage.
 Some do for Pimping, some for Treach'ry rise.
 But none's made Great for being Good or Wise.
 Deserve a Dungeon if you would be Great,
 Rogues always are our Ministers of State,
 Mean prostrate Bitches, for a *Bridewell* fit,
 With *England's* wretched Queen, must equal sit,

Ranelagh and fearful *Mulgrave* are preferr'd,

Virtue's commended, but ne'er meets Reward

May I ne'er be like these, I'll ask no more,

I would not be the Men to have their Power.

Who'd be a Monarch, to endure the Prating

Of *Nell* and sawcy *Oglethorp* in Waiting?

Who would Southampton's driv'ling Cuckold be?

Who would be R——, and bear his Infamy?

What Wretch would be *Green's* base begotten
(Son?)

Who would be *James*, out-witted and undone?

Who'd be like *Sunderland*, a cringing Knave?

Like *Hallifax* wise, like *Borish Pembroke* brave?

Who'd be that patient *Bardash Shrowsbury*,

Or who would *Fraizer's* chatt'ring *Mordent* be?

Who'd be a Wit in *Dryden's* cudgel'd Skin?

Or who'd be safe and senseless, like *Tom Thinn*.

A SATYR.

Nobilitas sola atque unica virtus est.

NOT *Rome* in all her Splendor could com- (pare,
 With those great Blessings happy *Britain* (share,
 Vainly they boast their Kings of Heavenly Race,
 A King incarnate *England's* Throne does grace,
 Chaste in his Pleasures, in Devotion grave,
 To his Friends constant, to his Foes he's (brave,
 His Justice is through all the World admir'd,
 His Word held Sacred, and his Scepter fear'd!
 No Tumults do about his Palace move,
 Freed from Rebellion by his People's Love.

Nor do we less in Counsels wise prevail,
As all our late Transactions loudly tell.

Not only Prorogations good create,
But th'adjourn'd Play-House is a *Coup d'Etat*.

So learned *Chymists*, when they long have try'd

For Secrets, thrifty Nature fain would hide,

In basest Matters often Spirits find,

Which Providence for greater Use design'd:

But who can wonder at such vast Success,

Our *Cato* S—— ne'er promis'd less.

Abroad in Embassies he first was fam'd,

Where he so strictly *England's* Rights main-
(tain'd.

At home an humble Creature to her Grace,

And Mrs. W—— preferr'd him to the Place.

Then

Then for Commanders both by Sea and Land,
York, who thrice chang'd his Ships through War-
 like Rage,

And *Monmouth*, who's the *Scipio* of the Age,
 The first long Admiral, but more renown'd
 For Pox and Popery, than publick Wound.

This is the Man, whose Vice each Satyr feeds,
 And for whom no one Virtue intercedes :
 Destin'd for *England's* Plague, from infant Time,
 Curst with a Person F— than all Crime.

But mightier Kings than these do still remain,
Plimouth, who lately shew'd upon the Plain,
 And did by *Hewit's* Fall immortal Honour gain.
 So Mouse and Frog came gravely to the Field,
 Both fear'd to fight, and yet both scorn'd to
 (yield;

Their famous *Billet Deux* and Duel prove
 Them both as fit for Combat as for Love.

Amongst

Amongst all these, 'twere not amiss to name
Poultney, to whom *St. Omers* Siege gave Fame.

Nordo Wits less our polish'd Court adorn,
Than Men of Prowess for Atchievements born.
Romantick M——t, who in empty Lines
His happier Rival tediously defines;
That well knew how to value painted Toys,
And left the Tartar to be catch'd by Boys:
But his chief Talent is in Histories,
Which of himself he tells, and always lies.
Daincourt would fain be thought both Wit and
(Bully,
But Punk-rid *R——* not a greater Cully.
Nor tawdry *Isham*, intimately known
To all pox'd Whores and famous Rooks in Town.

No Ladies, my respectful Muse will name,
She thinks it Blasphemy to touch their Fame.

Safe may they live, who faithful are, and kind
But may lewd Scowrers no Redemption find.
May Young and Old incessantly give Thanks
For that blest Nursery of Intrigue, *Mill-Banks*.
May *Lester-Fields* repair their Matron's Fall,
But still subscribe in Feasts of Love to th'*Mall*,
And Mrs. *Stafford* yield to B——Hall.

A
S A T Y R
O N

King CHARLES the Second, for
which he was Banish'd the Court, and
afterwards set up a Mountebank-Stage
on Tower-Hill.

IN the Isle of Great Britain, long since famous
(known,

for breeding the Best — in Christendom ;

here reigns, and long may he reign and
(thrive,

The easiest Prince, and best bred Man alive ;

him no Ambition moves to seek Renown,

like the French Fool to wander up and down,

starving his Subjects, hazarding his Crown.

D

Nor

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D

Nor

Nor are his high Desires above his Strength,

His Scepter and his — are of a length ;

And she that plays with one, may sway the other,

And make him little wiser than his Brother.

I hate all Monarchs, and the Thrones they sit on,

From the Hector of *France*, to the Cully of *Bri-*
(tain.

Poor Prince, thy — like the Buffoons at Court,

It governs Thee, because it makes the Sport :

Tho' Safety, Law, Religion, Life lay on't,

'Twill break through all to make its Way to —

Restless he rolls about from Whore to Whore,

A Merry Monarch, Scandalous and Poor.

To *Carewell* the most Dear of all thy Dears,

The sure Relief of thy declining Years ;

Oft he bewails his Fortune and her Fate,

To love so well, and to be lov'd so late.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 51

For when in her he settles well his —

Yet his dull graceless Buttocks hang an Arse.

This you'd believe, had I but Time to tell ye,

The Pain it costs to poor laborious *Nelly*,

While she employs Hands, Fingers, Lips, and

(Thighs,

E'er she can raise the *Member* she enjoys.

A

SATYR

Which the King took out of his Pocket.

PReserv'd by Wonder in the Oak O *Charles!*

And then brought in by th'Duke of *Albe*
(*marle* :

he first by Providence, the next all Devil,

shows thou'rt a Compound made of Good and
(Evil :

D 2

The

The Bad we've too long known, the Good's to
(come,

But not expected 'till the Day of Doom.

Was ever Prince's Soul so meanly Poor,

To be a Slave to every little Whore?

The Seaman's Needle nimbly points the Pole,

But thine still turns to every craving Hole;

Which Wolf-like in that Breast raw Flesh de-
(vours,

And must be fed all Seasons, and all Hours.

C— is the Mansion House where thou dost dwell,

But thou art fix'd as Tortoise to her Shell,

Whose Head peeps out a little now and then

To take the Air, and then creeps in again.

Strong is thy Lust, in C— thou'rt always diving,
and I dare say thou pray'st to die a S—

How poorly squander'st thou thy Seed away,

Who should get Kings for th' Nation to obey;

But thou poor Prince so uselessly hast sown it,
That the Creation is asham'd to own it.
Witness the Royal Lives sprang from the Belly
Of thy anointed Princess, Madam Nelly,
Whose first Employment was, with open Throat,
To cry fresh Herrings, even Ten a Groat:
Then was by Madam Ross expos'd to Town,
I mean to those who would give half a Crown:
Next in the *Play-House* she took her Degree,
As Men Commence at University,
No Doctors, 'till they've Masters been before,
So she no Player was, 'till first a Whore.
Look back, and see the People mad with Rage,
To see the Bitch in such an Equipage;
And every Day that they the Monster see,
They let Ten thousand Curses fly at Thee;
Allow'd in Publick Streets they use thee thus,
And none dare check 'em they're so numerous.

Stopping the Bank in Thee was only Great,
But in a Subject it had been a Cheat.
To pay thy Debts what Sum canst thou advance,
Now thy Exchequer is remov'd to *France*,
T'enrich a Harlot all made up of *French*,
Not worthy to be call'd a Whore, but Wench.
C——d indeed deserves that Noble Name,
Whose monstrous Lechery exceeds all Fame;
The Empress *Messaline* was cloy'd with Lust at
(last,
But you could never satisfy this Beast:
C——d I say is much to be admir'd,
Altho' she ne'er was satisfy'd or tir'd.
Full Forty Men a Day provided for this Whore,
Yet like a Bitch she wags her Tail for more.
Where are the Bishops now, where is their
(Bawdy Court?
Instead of Penance, they indulge the Sport;

For standing in White Sheets their Courage cools,
And's only fit for *Frenchmen*, and for Fools.

O Heavens! Wer't thou for this loose Life pre-
(serv'd,

Are there no Gods nor Laws to be observ'd?

Nineveh repented after Forty Days;

Be yet a King, and wear the Royal Bays:

But *Jonah's* Threats will ne'er awaken Thee,

Repentance is too mean for Majesty.

Go, practice *Heliogabalus's* Sin,

Forget to be a Man, and learn to Spin;

Go, dally with the Women on their Wheels,

Till, *Nero-like*, they pull thee out by th'Heels:

Go, read what *Mahomet* did, (that was a Thing

Did well become the Grandeur of a King)

Who all transported with his Mistress Charms,

And never pleas'd but in her lovely Arms;

Yet, when his *Janizaries* wish'd her dead,
With his own Hand cut off *Irene's* Head :
Make such a Practice with thy self as this,
Then thou may'st once more tast of Happiness;
Each one will love Thee, and the Parliament
Will their unkind and stubborn Votes repent,
And at your Feet lay open all their Purfes,
And give you all their Prayers, unmix'd with
(Curfes.

All this I wish, altho' I'm not your Friend,
'Till like a Child you promise to amend ;
If not, you'l find your Subjects rugged Stuff;
But, now I think on't, I have said enough.

TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

SATYR.

(Head
 AT Five this Morn, when *Phæbus* rais'd his
 From *Thetis* Lap, I rais'd my self from Bed;
 And mounting Steed, I trotted to the Waters,
 The Rendezvous of Fools, Buffoons, and Pra-
 (ters,
 Cuckolds, Whores, Citizens, their Wives and
 (Daughters.
 My squeamish Stomach I with Wine had brib'd,
 To undertake the Dose that was prescrib'd;

But

But turning Head, a sudden curst Crew,
 That innocent Provision overthrew,
 And without drinking, made me purge and (spew;
 From Coach and six a Thing unweildy roll'd,
 Whom Lumber-Cart more decently would hold,
 As wise as Calf it look'd, as big as Bully,
 But handled, prov'd a meer Sir *Nich'las Cully*;
 A Bawling Fop, a *Natural Nokes*, and yet,
 He dar'd to censure, to be thought a Wit.
 To make him more ridiculous in spite,
 Nature contriv'd the Fool should be a Knight.
 How wise is Nature, when she does dispense
 A large Estate to cover want of Sense.
 The Man's a Fool, 'tis true, but that's no Matter,
 For he's a mighty Wit with those that flatter,
 But a poor Block-head is a wretched Creature.

Grant the unlucky Stars, this o'er grown Boy
To purchase some aspiring pretty Toy,
That may his want of Sense and Wit supply,
As buxom Crab-fish doth his Lechery;

Who' he alone was dismal Sight enough,

His Train contributed to set him off,

All of his Shape, all of the self-same Stuff,

No Spleen or Malice could on them be thrown,

Nature had done the Business of Lampoon,

And in their Looks their Characters were
(shown,

endeavouring this Irksome Sight to baulk,

And a more Irksome Noise, their silly Talk;

Silently flunk down to th' Lower Walk,

So often, when one would *Charybdis* shun,

Down upon *Scylla* 'tis our Fate to run;

For

For there it was my curst Luck to find
As great a Fop, tho' of another kind.
A tall stiff Fool, that walk'd in Spanish Guise,
The Buckram Poppet never stir'd his Eyes,
But Grave as Owl, he look'd, as Woodcock Wife,
He scorns the empty Talk of this mad Age,
And speaks all Proverb, Sentence, and Adage
Can with as much Solemnity buy Eggs,
As a Cabal can talk of their Intrigues;
Master of Ceremonies, yet can't dispense,
With the Formality of talking Sense.
From whence unto the Upper Walk I came,
Where a new Scene of Foppery began;
A Tribe of Curates, Priests, Canonical Elves,
Fit Company for none beside themselves,
Were got together; each his Distemper told,
Scurvy, Stone, Strangury, some were so bol

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 63

to charge the Spleen to be their Misery,

and on that wise Disease lay Infamy.

but none had Modesty enough to explain

this want of Learning, Honesty, or Brain,

the general Diseases of that Train.

These call themselves Ambassadors of Heaven,

and saucily pretend Commissions given:

but should an *Indian* King, whose small Com-
(mand

eldom extends beyond ten Miles of Land,

send forth such wretched Fools on an Embassy,

he'd find but small Effects of such a Message.

Listening, I found the Cob of all this Rabble,

ert † Bayes, with his Importance comfortable,

he being rais'd to an Arch-Deaconry,

by trampling on Religion, Liberty,

† PARKER.

was

Was grown so great, and look'd too Fat and Jolly
To be disturb'd with Care and Melancholy,
Tho' *Marvel* had enough expos'd his Folly.
He drank to carry off some old Remains,
His lazy dull Distemper left in's Brains;
Let him drink on, but 'tis not a whole Flood
Can give sufficient Sweetness to his Blood,
To make his Nature or his Manners good.

" *Importance* drank too, tho' she had been no
(Sinner,

" To wash away some Dregs he had spew'd in
(her.

Next after these, a fulsom *Irish* Crew
Of silly *Macks* were offer'd to my View;
The Things did talk, but hearing what they
(said,
I hid my self the Kindness to evade.

Nature had plac'd these Wretches beneath scorn,
They can't be call'd so vile as they are born.

Amidst

Amidst the Crowd, next I my self convey'd,
For now there comes, White-wash and Paint
(being laid,
Mother and Daughter, Mistress and the Maid,
And Squire, with Wig and Pantaloons display'd.
But ne'er could Conventicle, Play, or Fair,
For a true Medly, with this Herd compare.
Here Lords, Knights, Squires, Ladies and Coun-
(tesses,
Whandlers and barren Women, Sempstresses,
Were mix'd together, nor did they agree,
More in their Humours than their Quality.
Here waiting for Gallant young Damsel stood
Leaning on Cane, and muffled up in Hood :
The would-be Wits, whose Business was to woe,
With Hat remov'd, and solemn Scrape of Shoe,
Advances bowing, then Gentilely shrugs,
And ruffl'd Fore-top into Order tugs ;

And

And thus acosts her: *Madam, methinks the Weather*
Is grown much more serene, since you came hither;
You influence the Heavens, but should the Sun
Withdraw himself, to see his Rays outdone
By your bright Eyes, they could supply the Morn,
And make a Day, before the Day be born.

(*Eyes,*
 With Mouth screw'd up, conceited winking
 And Breast thrust forwards, *Lard, Sir,* (*she replies*)

It is your Goodness, and not my Deserts,
 (*Partis.*
Which makes you show this Learning, Wit, and
 He puzzled bites his Nails, both to display
 The sparkling Ring, and think what next to say,
 And thus breaks forth afresh; *Madam, Egad*
Your Luck at Cards last Night was very bad,
At Cribbage Fifty nine and the next Show,
To make the Game, and yet to want those Two;

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 65

G— D— me, Madam, I'm the Son of a Whore,
If in my Life I saw the like before.

To Pedlar's Stall he drags her, and her Breast
With Hearts and such-like Foolish Toys he
(drest,

And then more smartly to expound the Riddle
Of all his Prattle, gives her a *Scotch* Fiddle.

Tir'd with this dismal Stuff, away I ran,

Where were two Wives, with Girl just fit for } (Man,
Short breath'd, with palled Lips, and Visage wan. }

Some Courtesies past, and the old Compliment,
Of being glad to see each other, spent,

With Hand in Hand they lovingly did walk,

And one began thus to renew the Talk,

I Pray, Good Madam, if it mayn't be thought

Rudeness in me, what Cause has hither brought

E

Your

Your Ladiship? She soon replying, smil'd,
We've got a good Estate, but have no Child;
And I'm inform'd, these Wells will make a Barren
Woman as Fruitful as a Coney-Warren.

The First return'd, For this Cause I am come,
For I can have no Quietness at Home;
My Husband grumbles, tho' we have got one,
This poor young Girl, and mutters for a Son:
And this is griev'd with Head-Ach, Pangs and
(Throws,
Is full Sixteen, and never yet had Those.

She soon reply'd, Get her a Husband, Madam,
I marry'd about that Age, and ne'er had had'em,
Was just like her, Steel Waters let alone,
A Back of Steel will better bring Them down.
And Ten to one, but they themselves will try
The same Means to increase the Family.
Poor silly Fribble, who by Subtilty
Of Midwife, truest Friend to Lechery,

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 67

Perfwaded art to be at Pains and Charge,
To give thy Wife Occasion to enlarge
Thy silly Head, for here walks *Cuff* and *Kick*,
With Brawny Back, and Legs, and Potent P—,
Who more substantially can cure thy Wife,
And on her half-dead Womb bestow new Life,
From these the Waters got their Reputation,
Of good Assistants unto Propagation.
Some warlike Men were now got into th'Throng,
With Hair ty'd Back, singing a Bawdy Song :
Not much afraid, I got a nearer View,
And 'twas my Chance to know the dreadful (Crew;
They were Cadets, that seldom can appear,
Damn'd to the Stint of Thirty Pounds a Year;
With Hawk on Fist, and Grey-hound led in (Hand,
The Dog and Foot-Boys, sometimes to command;

And now having trim'd a cast of Spavin'd
(Horse,

With Three Half-pence for Guineas in their
Purse,

Two Rusty Pistols, Scarfe about their Arse,

Coat lin'd with Red, they here presume to swell,

This goes for Captain, that for Colonel :

So the Bear-garden Ape, on his Steed mounted,

No longer is a Jackanapes accounted,

And is, by Virtue of his Trumpery, then

Call'd by the Name of the young Gentleman:

Bless me! thought I, what Thing is Man, that
(thus

In all his Shapes is so ridiculous?

Our selves with Noise of Reason we do please,

In vain Humanity is our worst Disease;

Thrice happy Beasts are, who because they be

Of Reason void, are so of Foppery.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 69

“ Faith, I was so asham’d, that with Remorse,
“ I us’d the Insolence to mount my Horse,
“ For he, doing only Things fit for his Nature,
“ Did seem to me by much the wiser Creature.

S O N G.

I.

A *T the Sight of my Phillis, from every Part
A Spring Tide of Joy does flow up to my
(Heart,*

*Which quickens each Pulse, and swells e’ry Vein,
Yet all my Delights are still mingled with Pain;
So strange a Distemper sure Love cannot bring,
To my Knowledge Love was a quieter Thing,*

*So gentle and tame, that he never was known
So much as to wake me when I lay alone.*

II.

*But the Boy is much grown, and so alter'd of
He's become a more furious Passion, than Hate;
Since by Phillis restor'd to the Empire of Hearts,
He has new strung his Bow, and sharpen'd his Darts;
And strictly the Rights of his Crown to maintain,
He wounds e'ry Heart, and turns e'ry Brain.*

III.

*But my Madness, alas! I too plainly discover,
For he is at least as much Madman as Lover,
Who for one cruel Beauty does easily quit
All the Nymphs of the Stage, and those of the Pit,
The Joys of Hide-park, and the Mall's dear Delight,
To live Sober all Day, and Chast all the Night.*

SONG.

SONG.

I.

M^R Dear Mistress has a Heart,
Soft as those kind Looks she gave me,
When with Love's resistless Art,
And her Eyes, she did inslave me.

II.

But her Constancy's so weak,
She's so wild, and apt to wander,
That my Jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.

E 4

III. Melt-

III.

*Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleasures, wounding Bliss,
She can dress her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kisses.*

IV.

*Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my Delight, all Mankinds Wonder,
But my Jealous Heart would break,
Should we live one Day asunder.*

SONG.

I.

ROOM, Room, for a Blade of the Town,
That takes Delight in Roaring,

Who all Day long rambles up and down,

And at Night in the Street lies Snoaring.

II.

That for the Noble Name of Spark

Does his Companions Rally ;

Commits an Outrage in the Dark,

Then slinks into an Alley.

III. To

III.

*To every Female that he meets,
He swears he bears Affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Cheats,
By the Help of a kind Protection,*

IV.

*When he intending further Wrongs,
By some Resenting Cully
Is decently run through the Lungs,
And there's an End of BULLY.*

Spoken Extempore to a Country Clerk, after having heard him sing Psalms.

S Ternhold and Hopkins had great Qualms,
When they Translated *David's Psalms*,
To make the Heart full glad :
But had it been poor *David's Fate*,
To hear thee Sing, and them Translate,
By G—— 'twould have made him Mad.

The King's EPITAPH.

Here lies a Great and Mighty King,
Whose Promise none rely'd on ;
He never said a Foolish Thing,
Nor ever did a Wise One.

Spoken

*Spoken Extempore, upon receiving
a Fall at Whitehall Gate, by
attempting to kiss the Dutchess of
Cleveland as she was stepping
out of her Chariot.*

BY Heavens! 'twas bravely done!
First, to Attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to Fall like *Phaeton*.

A Description of a Maidenhead.

HAve you not in a Chimney seen,
A sullen Faggot, wet and green,
How coyly it receives the Heat,
And at both Ends does fume and sweat?

So

So fares it with the harmless Maid,
When first upon her Back she's laid ;
But the kind experienc'd Dame
Cracks, and rejoices in the Flame.

The Virgin's Desire.

A Knight delights in Deeds of Arms,
Perhaps a Lady loves sweet Musick's
(Charms.

Rich Men in Store of Wealth delighted be,
Infants love dandling on the Mother's Knee.
Coy Maids love Something, Nothing I'll express ;
Keep the First Letters of these Lines, and guess.

THE

Perfect Enjoyment.

Since now my *Sylvia* is as kind as fair,
Let Wit and Joy succeed my dull Despair.
O! what a Night of Pleasure was the Last,
A full Reward for all my Troubles past:
And on my Head, if future Mischief fall,
This happy Night shall make Amends for all.
Nay, though my *Sylvia's* Love should turn to
(Hate,
I'll think of this, and die contented with my
(Fate
Twelve was the Lucky Minute when we met,
And on her Bed were close together set ;

Thought

Though list'ning Spies might be, perhaps, too
Love fill'd our Hearts, there was no Room for
(near,
(Fear.

Now whilst I strive her melting Heart to move,
With all the Powerful Eloquence of Love:

In her Fair Cheecks I saw the Colour rise,

And an unusual Softness in her Eyes,

Gently they look, and I with Joy adore

That only Charm they never had before!

The Wounds they made, her Tongue was
(us'd to heal,

But now these gentle Enemies reveal

A Secret, which that Friend would still conceal.

My Eyes transported too with Am'rous Rage,

Seem fierce with Expectation to engage;

(Thighs,
But fast she holds my Hands, and close her

And what she longs to do, with Frowns denies.

A strange Effect on foolish Women wrought,
Bred in Disguises, and by Custom taught;
Custom, which Wisdom sometimes over-rules,
But serves instead of Reason to the Fools;
Custom, which all the World to Slavery brings,
The dull Excuse for doing silly Things.
She by this Method of her foolish Sex,
Is forc'd a-while me and her self to vex.
But now when thus we had been struggling long,
Her Limbs grow weak, and her Desires grow
(strong)
How can she hold to let the *Hero* in !
He storms without, and Love betrays within.
Her Hands at last, to hide her Blushes, leave
The Fort unguarded, willing to receive
My fierce Assault, made with a Lover's Haft,
Like Lightning piercing, and as quickly past,

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 81

Thus does fond Nature with her Children play,
Just shews us Joy, then snatches it away.

'Tis not th'Excess of Pleasure makes it short,

The Pain of Love's as raging as the Sport:

And yet, alas! that lasts; we sigh all Night

With Grief, but scarce one Moment with Delight.

Some little Pain may check her kind Desire,

But not enough to make her once retire:

Maids Wounds for Pleasure bear, as Men for
(Praise,

Here Honour heals, there Love the Smart allays:

The World, if just, would harmful Courage
(blame,

And this more innocent reward with Fame.

Now she her well-contented Thoughts employs

On her past Fears, and on her future Joys;

Whose Harbinger did roughly all remove,

To make fit Room for great Luxurious Love:

Fond of the welcome Guest, her Arms embrace
My Body, and her Hands a better Place:
Which with one Touch so pleas'd and proud does ^{(grow,}
It swells beyond the Grasp that made it so.
Confinement scorns in any straighter Walls,
Than those of Love, where it contented falls:
Though twice o'erthrown, he more inflam'd ^{(does rise,}
And will, to the last Drop, fight out Love's Prize.
She like some Amazon in Story proves,
That overcomes the *Hero* whom she Loves.
In the close Strife she takes so much Delight,
She then can think of nothing but the Fight:
With Joy she lays him panting at her Feet,
But with more Joy does his Recovery meet.
Her trembling Hands first gently raise his Head,
She almost dies for fear that he is dead:

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 83

Then binds his Wounds up with a busy Hand,
And with that Balm enables him to stand,
Till by her Eyes she conquers him once more,
And wounds him deeper than she did before.
Though fallen from the Top of Pleasure's Hill,
With longing Eyes we look up thither still;
Still thither our unwearied Wishes tend,
Till we that Height of Happiness ascend
By gentle Steps, th'Ascent it self exceeds
All Joys, but that alone to which it leads:
First then, so long and lovingly we kiss,
As if, like Doves, we knew no dearer Bliss:
Still in one Mouth our Tongues together play,
While groping Hands are pleas'd no less than
(they:
Thus cling'd together, now a while we rest,
Breathing our Souls into each others Breast:

Then give a general Kifs of all our Parts,
While this best Way we make Exchange of
(Hearts.

Here would my Praise as well as Pleasure dwell,
Enjoyment's self I scarcely like so well;

The Little this comes short in Rage and Strength,
Is largely recompenc'd with endless Length.

This is a Joy would last, if we could stay,

But Love's too eager to admit Delay,

And hurries us along so smooth a Way.

Now, wanton with Delight, we nimbly move,

Our pliant Limbs in all the Shapes of Love:

Our Motions not like those of Gamesome Fools,

Whose active Bodies shew their heavy Souls;

But Sports of Love, in which, a willing Mind

Makes us as able, as our Hearts are kind.

At length all languishing and out of Breath,

Panting, as in the Agonies of Death,

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 85

We lie entranc'd, 'till one provoking Kiss
Transports our ravish'd Souls to Paradise. —
O Heaven of Love, thou Moment of Delight!
Wrong'd by my Words, my Fancy does thee
Methinks I lie all melting in her Charms, (Right.
And fast lock'd up within her Legs and Arms;
Bent are our Minds, and all our Thoughts on
Just lab'ring in the Pangs of fierce Desire. (Fire,
At once, like Misers, wallowing in their Store,
In full Possession, yet desiring more.
Thus with repeated Pleasures, while we waste
Our happy Hours, that like short Minutes past,
To such a Sum of Bliss our Joys amount,
The Number now becomes too great to count.
Silent as Night are all sincerest Joys,
Like deepest Waters running with least Noise.

But now at last, for want of further Force,
From Deeds, alas, we fall into Discourse!

A Fall which each of us in vain bemoans,

A greater Fall than that of Kings from Thrones.

The Tide of Pleasure flowing now no more,
We lie like Fish left gasping on the Shore.

And now, as after fighting, Wounds appear,
Which we in heat did neither feel, nor fear;
She, for her Sake, intreats me to give o'er,
And yet, for Mine, would gladly suffer more.
Her Words are coy, while all her Motions woo,
And when she asks me, If it please me too,
I rage to shew how well, but 'twill not do.

Thus would hot Love run it self out of Breath,
And wanting Rest, find it too soon in Death,
Did not wise Nature, with a gentle Force,
Restrain its Rage, and stop its headlong Course;

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 87

Indulgently severe, she well does spare

This Child of hers, which most deserves her
(Care.

T H E

Imperfect Enjoyment.

F *Ruination* was the Question in Debate,
Which like so hot a Casuist I state,
That she my Freedom urg'd as my Offence,
To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense;
But yet this Angry Cloud, that did proclaim
Volleys of Thunder, melted into Rain;
And this Adulterate Stamp of being nice,
Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice;

For, by a Compliment that's seldom known,
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me Home;
And these Denials but advance Delight,
As Prohibition sharpens Appetite;
For the kind Curtain raising my Esteem,
To wonder at the Opening of the Scene,
When of her Breast her Hands the Guardians
(were,
Yet I salute each fullen *Officer*;
Tho', like the Flaming Sword before my Eyes,
They block the Passage of my Paradise;
Nor could those Guardian Hands so guard the
(Coin,
But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin:
For tho' her Breasts are hid, her Lips are Prize
To make me rich beyond my Avarice;
Yet my Ambition my Affection fed,
To conquer both the White Rose, and the Red.

Th'Event

Th'Event prov'd true, for on the Bed she late,
And seem'd to Court what she had seem'd to
Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire, (Hate;
And weak Defence is turn'd to strong Desire.
What unkind Influence cou'd interpose,
Where two such Stars did in Conjunction close?
Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did spoil,
Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spent my Oil;
And that which most Reproach upon me hurl'd,
Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World,
Nature's chief Prop, and Motions primeft
(Source,
In me lost both their Vigour and their Force.
Sad Conquest, when it is the Victor's Fate;
Like prudent Corporations, had we laid
A common Stock by, we'ad improv'd our
(Trade;]

But

But as a prodigal Heir, I spent by th'by,
 What Home directed, would serve her and I,
 When next in such Assaults I chance to be,
 Give me more Vigour, less Activity;
 For Love turns impotent, when strain'd too ^{(high,}
 This very Cordial makes him sooner die,
 Evaporates in Flame the Fire so great,
 Love's Chimistry thrives best with equal Heat.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 91

ON THE
CHARMS
OF
Hidden Treasure :
A
PARADOX.

THou mighty Princess, lovely Queen of H--
Whose Monarchy the bravest Men con-
(trouls;
Shut up in Awful and Majestick State,
How dost thou make thy Poor Adorers wait?
Reserv'd as *Prestor John*, as seldom seen
As the most shily kept *Sultana* Queen:

Thou

Thou Crown of *Sense*, nay more Superlative,
Thou very Quintessence of all the Five,
No *Civet Cat* had ever such a Smell,
Thy Essence does all other Sweets excell,
How is our Relish by thy Taste encreas'd,
When this one Bit is more than a whole Feast.
Beauty of Beauties, Darling of the Eye,
The Face is but a Mark to hit thee by,
Thou art the Spot of *Cupid's* Archery :
Whether your Ornamental Locks you wear,
Or go, like *Eastern* Beauties, smooth and bare;
Whether full-grown the Manly Beard appears,
Or Virgin Lips shew fewer Hairs than Years ;
Yet all true Beauty shines, as on a Throne,
In her full Splendor, from thy Sight alone :
To please thy Friends, and to confute thy Foes,
Thou hast a Mouth beyond fam'd *Cicero's* ;

A Mouth, whose silent Rhetorick affords
More strong Perswasives, than all *Tully's* Words.

'Twas such a Mouth did *Paris* more convince,
Than *Juno's* Power, or *Pallas* Eloquence.

'Twas such a Mouth *Achilles* did perswade,
And *Hercules* to live in Masquerade,

(made.
Which all the Force of Arms could ne'er have

'Twas such a Mouth taught *Anthony* to scorn
The glorious Name to which that Prince was
(born.

To such Perswasions Mighty *Julius* gave,
That Crown th'*Egyptian* Army could not save,
And of a Conqueror, became a Slave.

Still there remains one Sense, which we may
(call
One that is all the rest, is more than All ;
Who can describe thy more than pleasing Touch?
That is a mighty Task, for me too much.

Who

Who scarce am known to her, of whom I write,
 And had but once the Honour of her Sight.
 None can her charming Virtues duly tell,
 But he who comes inspir'd from her own Well,
 Whose Virtues does all *Helicon's* excell.

On the WOMEN *about Town.*

(in Debate,
TOO long the Wise Commons have been
 'Bout Money and Conscience, those Tri-
 (fles of State;
 Whilst dangerous Grievances daily increase,
 The Subject can't riot in Safety and Peace,
 Unless, as against *Irish* Cattle before,
 (Whore.
 They should now make an Act against *Irish*
 The

The Coots Black and White, *Clanbrazil* and *Fox*,
Invade us with Impudence, Beauty, and Pox ;
They carry a Fate which none can oppose,
The Loss of his Heart, or the Fall of his Nose :
Should we dully resist, yet would each take
(upon her,
To beseech us to do't, and engage us in Honour.
Oh! ye Powers above, who of Mortals take care,
Make *Women* less Cruel, more Sound, or less
(Fair.
Is it just, cruel Fate with Love should conspire,
And our T—s be burnt, by our Hearts taking
(Fire.

*An Answer to the Defence of Satyr,
written by Sir C. Scroop.*

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning ^{(Brain,}
 In Satyr's Praise, to a low untun'd Strain,
 In Thee, was most Impertinent and Vain.
 When in thy Person we most plainly see,
 That Satyr's of Divine Authority ;
 For God made One of Man, when he made ^{(Thee.}
 " To shew there are some Men, as there are Apes,
 " Fram'd for meer Sport, who differ but in ^{(Shapes,}
 In Thee are all those Contradictions joyn'd,
 That make an As prodigious, and refin'd.

A Lump

A Lump deform'd, and shapeless wert thou born,
Begot in Love's Despite, and Nature's Scorn,

And art grown up the most ingrateful Wight,
Harsh to the Ear, and Hideous to the Sight;
Yet Love's thy Business, Beauty thy Delight,

Curse on that silly Hour, that first inspir'd
Thy Madness to pretend to be admir'd,

To paint thy grisley Face, to dance, to dress,
And all those awkward Follies, that express
Thy loathsome Love, and filthy Daintiness.

Who needs will be an ugly Beau *Garçon*,

Spit at, and shun'd, by every Girl in Town;

Where dreadfully Love's Scare-crow thou art
(plac'd,

To fright the tender Flock that long to tast:

While every coming Maid, when you appear,
Starts back for Shame, and straight turns chaste
(for Fear;

For none so poor a Prostitute have prov'd,
 Where you made Love, t'endure to be belov'd.
 'Twere Labour lost, or else I would advise,
 But thy *Half* Wit will ne'er let thee be Wise;
Half Witty, and *Half* Mad, and scarce *Half* Brave,
Half Honest, which is very much a Knave;
 Made up of all these *Halves*, thou canst not pass
 For any Thing *Entire*, but for an Ass.

A Panegyrick on NELLY.

OF a great Heroin I mean to tell,
 And by what just Degrees her Titles ^{(swell,}
 To Mrs. *Nelly*, grown from Cinder *Nell*.
 Much did she suffer first, on Bulk and Stage,
 From the Black-guard, and Bullies of the Age;

Much

Much more her growing Virtue did sustain,
While dear *Charles Hart*, and *Buckhurst*, su'd in
(vain;
In vain they su'd; curs'd be the envious Tongue
That her undoubted Chastity would wrong;
For should we Fame believe, we then might say,
That Thousands lay with her as well as they:
But, Fame, thou ly'st; for her Prophetick Mind
Forefaw her Greatness, Fate had well design'd,
And her Ambition chose to be, before
A Virtuous Countess, an Imperial Whore.
E'en in her Native Dirt, her Soul was high,
And did at Crowns, and shining Monarchs fly;
E'en while she Cinders-rak'd, her swelling Breast
With Thoughts of Glorious *Whoredom* was pos-
(sels'd:
Still did she dream (nor did her Birth with-
(stand)
Of dangling Scepters in her dirty Hand.

But first the Basket her fair Arm did sute,
Laden with Pippins, and *Hesperian* Fruit ;
This first Step rais'd, to th'wond'ring Pit she ^{(sold}
The lovely Fruit smiling with Streaks of Gold.
Fate now for her did its whole Force engage,
And from the Pit she's mounted to the Stage ;
There in full Lustre did her Glories shine,
And, long eclips'd, spread forth their Light Di- ^{(vine:}
There *Hart's* and *Rowley's* Soul she did ensnare,
And made a King the Rival to a Player :
The King o'ercomes, and to the Royal Bed
The Dunghill Offspring is in Triumph led.
Nor let the Envious her first Rags object
To her, that's now in Tawdry Gayness deck'd ;
Her Merit does from this much greater show,
Mounting so high, that took her Rise so low.

Let's Fam'd that *Nelly* was, whose Cuckold's ^{Rage,}
In Ten Years Wars, did half the World ingage.
She's now the Darling-Strumpet of the Crowd,
Forgets her State, and talks to them aloud,
Lays by her Greatness, and descends to prate
With those, 'bove whom she's rais'd by wond'rous
(Fate :
True to th'Protestant Interest and Cause,
True to th'Establish'd Government and Laws ;
The choice Delight of the whole *Mobile*,
Scarce *Monmouth's* self is more belov'd than she.
Was this the Cause that did their Quarrel move,
That both are Rivals in the Peoples Love?
No, 'twas her matchless Loyalty alone
That bid Prince *Perkin* pack up, and begone.
Ill bred thou art, says Prince. *Nell* does reply,
Was Mrs. Barlow better bred than I?

Thus sneak'd away the Nephew, overcome,
By's Aunt-in-Law's severer Wit struck dumb.

Her Virtue, Loyalty, Wit, and noble Mind,
In the foregoing Doggrel you may find.
Now for her Piety one Touch, and then
To R Y M E R I'll resign my Muse and Pen:
'Twas this that rais'd her Charity so high,
To visit those that did in Durance lie;
From *Oxford* Prisons many did she free,
There dy'd her Father, and there glory'd she,
In giving others Life and Liberty :
So pious a Remembrance still she bore,
E'en to the Fetters that her Father wore.
Nor was her Mother's Funeral less her Care,
No Cost, no Velvet, did the Daughter spare:
Fine gilded Scutcheons did the Herse enrich,
To celebrate this Martyr of the Ditch ;

Burnt Brandy did in flaming Brimmers flow,
Drunk at her Funeral ; while her well-pleas'd
Rejoyc'd e'en in the Sober Fields below, (Shade

At all the Drunkenness her Death had made.
Was ever Child with such a Mother blest ?
Or ever Mother such a Child possess'd ?
Nor must her Cousin be forgot ; preferr'd
From many Years Command in the Black-guard,
To be an Ensign : —————

Whose Tatter'd Colours well do represent
His First Estate i'th' Ragged Regiment.

Thus we in short have all the Virtues seen,
Of the Incomparable Madam GURN.
Nor wonder others are not with her shown ;
She who no Equal has, must be alone.

On the Lord Chancellor —

(Hate,
Pride, Lust, Ambition, and the Peoples
 The Kingdom's Broker, Ruin of the State,
Dunkirk's sad Loss, Divider of the Fleet,
Tangier's Compounder for a barren Sheet :
 This Shrub of Gentry, marry'd to the Crown
 His Daughter to the Heir, is tumbled down ;
 The Grand Despiser of the Nobles, lies
 Groveling in Dust, as a just Sacrifice,
 T'appease the injur'd King and Nation,
 Who would believe this sudden Alteration ?
 God will revenge too, for the Stones he took
 From Aged *Paul's*, to make a Nest for *Rook*.

More

More Cormorants of State, as well as he,
We shortly hope, in the same Plight to see.
Go on, Great Prince, thy People do rejoyce;
Methinks I hear the Nation's total Voice,
Applauding this Days Action to be such
As roasting *Rump*, or beating of the *Dutch*.
Now look upon the wither'd Cavaliers,
Who, for Reward, have nothing had but Tears:
Thanks to the *Wiltshire* Hog, Son of the *Spittle*,
Had they been look'd on, he had had but Little.
Break up the Coffers of this hoarded Thief,
Three Millions will be found, to make him Chief
of Sacrilege, Ambition, Lust, and Pride,
All comprehended in the Name of ———
For which his due Reward, (I'd almost said)
The Nation may most justly claim his Head.

A
D R E A M.

'T Was when the Sable Mantle of the Night,
O'erlaid the Day, and check'd the Light;
'Twas when the *Raven* and the *Owl* begins
To make Men's Conscience tremble for their
(Sins;

I then, methought, went armed to my Dear,
Ready to pay what I had promis'd her.

I went, and found her prostrate on her Bed,
Only her Smock covering her Maidenhead ;
I took it up, sweet Linnen, by your Favour,
But O ! how my moist Fingers then did favour.

look'd, and saw the Blind Boy's happy Cloyster,
Arch'd on both Sides, lie gaping like an Oyster;
had a Tool before me, which I put
Up to the Quick, and then this Oyster shut;
it shut, and clung so fast at ev'ry Stroak,
The Liquor came, but yet it would not ope;
But Oh! it would have made a Dead Man skip,
To see it Wag, and Mump its Under Lip:
Then fainting, dreamt I was in Pain;
felt my Belly wet, and slept again.

To his MISTRESS.

I.

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely Face?
Does that eclipsing Hand of thine deny
The Sunshine of the Sun's enlivening Eye?

II.

Without thy Light, what Light remains in me?
Thou art my Life, my Way, my Light's in thee:
I live, I move, and by thy Beams I see.

III.

Thou art my Life, if thou but turn away,
My Life's a thousand Deaths, thou art my Way,
Without Thee (*Love*) I travel not, but stray.

IV. My

IV.

My Light thou art, without thy ^{(Sight} Glorious
My Eyes are darkned with eternal Night,
My Love, thou art my Way, my Life, my Light.

V.

Thou art my Way, I wander if thou fly ;
Thou art my Light, if hid, how blind am I
Thou art my Life, if thou withdraw'st, I die.

VI.

My Eyes are dark and blind, I cannot see ;
To whom, or whither should my Darknes flee,
But to that Light, and who's that Light but
(Thee.

VII.

If that be all, shine forth, and draw thou nigher,
Let me be bold, and dye for my Desire ;
A *Phoenix* likes to perish in the Fire.

VIII. If

VIII.

If my Puft Life be out, give leave to —
 My shameless Snuff at the bright Lamp of thine,
 Ah! what's thy Light the less, for lighting mine.

IX.

If I have lost my Path, dear Lover, say,
 Shall I still wander in a doubtful Way?
 Love, shall a Lamb of *Israel's* Sheepfold stray?

X.

My Path is lost, my wand'ring Steps do stray,
 I cannot go, nor safely stay;
 Whom should I seek, but Thee, my Path, my
 (Way?)

XI.

And yet thou turn'st thy Face away, and fly'st ^{(me;}
 And yet I sue for Grace, and thou deny'st me;
 Speak, art thou angry, Love, or try'st me?

XII. Dis-

XII.

Display those Heavenly Lamps, or tell me why
Thou shad'st my Face ; perhaps no Eye
Can view their Flames, and not drop down and
(die.

XIII.

(Eye,
Thou art the Pilgrim's Path, and Blind-Man's
The Dead-Man's Life, on Thee my Hopes rely,
If I but them remove I e'er I die.

XIV.

(stay ;
Dissolve thy Sun-Beams, close thy Wings, and
See, see, how I am blind, and dead, and stray ;
Oh! thou that art my Life, my Light, my Way!

XV.

Then work my Will, if Passion bid me flee,
My Reason shall obey, My Wings shall be
Stretch'd out no further than from Me to Thee.

To

T O A
L A D Y,

Who accus'd him of Inconstancy.

Madam,

I F you're deceiv'd, it is not by my Cheat,
For all Disguises are below the Great.

What Man or Woman upon Earth can say
I ever us'd 'em well above a Day?

How is it then that I unconstant am,
He changes not, who always is the same :

In my Dear Self I center every Thing,
My Servants, Friend, my Mistress, and my King,
Nay Heaven and Earth to that one Point I bring.

Well manner'd, Honest, Generous, and Stout,
Names by dull Fools to plague Mankind found
(out :

Should I regard, I must my self constrain,

And 'tis my Maxim to avoid all Pain.

You Fondly look for what none e'er could find,

Deceive your self, and then call me Unkind ;

And by false Reasons would my Falshood prove,

For 'tis as natural to Change as Love ;

You may as justly at the Sun repine,

Because alike it does not always shine :

No Glorious Thing was ever made to stay,

My Blazing Star but visits, and away ;

As fatal too it shines, as those i'th' Skies,

'Tis never seen, but some great Lady dies :

The boasted Favour you so precious hold,

To me's no more than changing of my Gold ;

H

What-

Whate'er you gave, I paid you back in Bliss,
Then where's the Obligation, pray, of this?
If heretofore you found Grace in my Eyes,
Be thankful for it, and let that suffice.
But Women, Beggars like, still haunt the Door,
Where they've receiv'd a Charity before.
Oh happy *Sultan*! whom we Barbarous call,
How much refin'd art thou above us all!
Who envies not the Joys of thy *Serail*.
Thee, like some God, the trembling Crowd
(adore,
Each Man's thy Slave, and Womankind thy Whore:
Methinks I see thee, underneath the Shade
Of Golden Canopy, supinely laid,
The crowding Slaves all Silent as the Night,
But at thy Nod, all Active as the Light;
Secure in solid Sloth thou there dost reign,
And feel'st the Joys of Love without the Pain.

Each Female courts thee with a wishing Eye,
While thou with awful Pride walk'st careless by ;
Till thy kind Pledge at last marks out the Dame
Thou fancy'st most, to quench thy present Flame.
Then from thy Bed submissive she retires,
And, thankful for the Grace, no more requires.
No loud Reproach, nor fond unwelcome Sound
Of Women's Tongues, thy Sacred Ears does
If any do, a nimble Mute strait ties (wound :
The True-Love's Knot, and stops her foolish (Cries.
Thou fear'st no injur'd Kinsman's threat'ning
Nor Midnight Ambushes by Rivals laid : (Blade,
While here, with aking Hearts, our Joys we tast,
Disturb'd by Swords, like Democles's Feast.

A
LETTER

From the Lady K. S———

To the Right Honourable the

Earl of Rochester.

Which occasion'd that Preceding.

HOW far are they deceiv'd who hope in ^{(vain,}
 A lasting Lease of Joys from Love t'ob-
 tain;
 All the dear Sweets we promise or expect,
 After Enjoyment turns to cold Neglect.
 Could Love a constant Happiness have known,
 The mighty Wonder had in me been shown;
 Our Passions are so favoured by Fate,
 As if she meant them an Eternal Date;

So

So kind you look'd, such tender Words you spoke,
'Twas past Belief such Vows should e'er be broke.
Fix'd on my Eyes how often did you say,
You could with Pleasure gaze an Age away?
When Thoughts too great for Words had made
(you mute,
In Kisses you would tell my Hand your Suit.
So great your Passions were, so far above
The common Gallantries, that pass for Love;
At worst I thought, if you unkind should prove,
Your ebbing Passion would be kinder far,
Than the first Transports of all others are.
Nor was my Love or Fondness less than yours,
In you I center'd all my Hopes ———
For you, my Duty to my Friends forgot,
For you, I lost; alas! What lost I not?
Fame, all the valuable Things of Life,
To meet your Love, by a less Name than Wife.

How happy was I then, how dearly blest,
 When you lay panting on my tender Breast,
 Acting such Things as ne'er can be exprest!
 Thousand fresh Looks you gave me e'ry Hour,
 Whilst greedily I did those Looks devour;
 'Till quite o'ercome with Charms, I trembling lay,
 At e'ry Look you gave, melted away:
 I was so highly happy in your Love,
 Methoughts I pity'd them that dwelt Above.
 Think then, thou GREATEST, LOVELIEST, FALSEST MAN,
 How you have Vow'd, how I have Lov'd, and
 My Faithless Dear, be Cruel if you can. (then,
 How I have Lov'd, I cannot, need not tell,
 For every Act has shown, I Lov'd too well:
 Since first I saw you, I ne'er had a Thought,
 Was not entirely yours; to you I brought
 My Virgin Innocence, and freely made
 My Love an Offring to your Noble Bed.

Since

(steer'd,
Since then, ye've been the Star by which I
And nothing else but you I Lov'd or Fear'd:
Your Smiles I only live by, and I must,
Whene'er you frown, be shatter'd into Dust.
O! Can the Coldness which you shew me now,
Suit with the generous Heat you once did show?
I cannot live on Pity or Respect,
(infect,
A Thought so mean would my whole Love
Less than your Love, I scorn, Sir, to expect:
Let me not live in dull Indifferency,
But give me Rage enough to make me die;
For if, from you, I needs must meet my Fate,
Before your Pity, I would chuse your Hate.

THE
COMMONS PETITION
TO
King Charles II.

IN all Humanity we crave,
Our Sovereign may be our Slave;
And humbly beg, that he may be
Betray'd by us most Loyally.
And if he please once to lay down
His Scepter, Dignity, and Crown,
We'll make him, for the Time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom.

The King's Answer.

Charles at this Time having no Need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

Ana-

Anacreontick.

TH E Heavens carouse each Day a Cup,
No wonder *Atlas* holds her up.

The Trees suck up the Earth and Ground,
And in their Brown Bowls drink around.

The Sea too, whom the Salt makes dry,
His greedy Thirst to satisfy,

Ten thousand Rivers drinks, and then
Grows drunk, and spews them up again.

The Sun (and who so right as he)
Sits up all Night to drink the Sea.

The Moon quaffs up the Sun, her Brother,
And wishes she could tope another.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Thing fuddles ; then that I
Is't any Reason should be dry ?
Well, I will be content to thirst,
But too much Drink shall make me first.

T H E

Encouragement.

· **T**IS the *Arabian* Bird alone
Lives Chast, because there is but One :
But had kind Nature made them Two,
They would like Doves and Sparrows do.

PROLOGUE.

Gentle Reproofs have long been try'd in
Men but despise us while we but com-
(plain,
Such Numbers are concern'd for the wrong }
(Side, |
A weak Resistance still provokes their Pride; |
And cannot stem the fierceness of the Tide : }
laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd.
Of Gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Insult in ev'ry Corner, want of Sense,
Confirm'd with an Outlandish Impudence,

Among

Among the Rude Disturbers of the Pit,

Have introduc'd Ill Breeding, and False Wit :

To boast their Lewdness, here young Scowrers
(meet,

And all the vile Companions of a Street

Keep a perpetual Bawling at the Door,

Who beat the Bawd last Night, who bilkt the
(Whore :

They snarl, but neither fight, nor pay a Farthing,

A Play-house is become a meer Bear-Garden,

Where every one with Insolence enjoys

His Liberty and Property of Noise.

Should True Sense, with revengeful Fire, come
(down,

Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to save the Town :

Each Parish is infected, to be clear,

We must lose more than when the Plague was
(here :

While

While ev'ry little Thing perks up so soon,
That at Fourteen it hectors up and down
With the best Cheats, and the worst Whores
(in Town.)
Swears at a Play, who should be whipt at School,
The Foplings must in Time grow up to rule,
The Fashion must prevail to be a Fool.
Some Powerful Muse, inspir'd for our Defence,
Arise, and save a little Common Sense:
In such a Cause, let thy Keen Satyr bite,
Where Indignation bids thy *Genius* write:
Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
First single out the Beast, then hunt him down;
Hang up his Mangled Carcass on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On the Author of a Play, call'd
SODOM.

TELL me, abandon'd Miscreant, prithee tell,
What Damn'd Power, invok'd and sent
(from Hell,
(If Hell were bad enough) did thee Inspire?
Hast thou of late embrac'd some *Succubus*,
And us'd the lewd Familiar for a Muse?
Or didst thy Soul by Inch of Candle sell,
To gain the glorious Name of Pimp to Hell?
If so, go, and its vow'd Allegiance swear,
Without Press Money, be its Volunteer:
May he who envies Thee deserve thy Fate,
Deserve both Heaven's and Mankind's Scorn and
(Hate.

Dis.

Disgrace to Libels! Foil to very Shame!

Whom 'tis a Scandal to vouchsafe to name.

What foul Description's foul enough for Thee,

Punk quite below the Reach of Infamy?

Thou covet'st to be lewd, but want'st the Hit,

And art all over Devil, but in Wit.

Weak feeble Strainer at meer Ribaldry,

Whose Muse is impotent to that Degree,

That must, like Age, be whipt to Lechery.

Thou *Moore-Fields* Author, fit for Bawds to quote,

If Bawds themselves with Honour safe may do't)

When Suburb Prentice comes to hire Delight,

And wants Incentives to dull Appetite,

There, Punk perhaps may thy brave Works re-
(hearse,

Which after shall, preferr'd to Dressing-Box,

Hold Turpentine, and Med'cines for the Pox.

Or

Or if I may ordain a Fate more fit,
 For such foul nasty Excrements of Wit,
 May they condemn'd to th'Publick *Jaques* be sent,
 There, bugger wiping Porters as they S——
 And so thy Book it self turn *Sodomite*.

To all Curious

CRITICKS and *ADMIRERS*

O F

M E T R E.

H Ave you seen the raging stormy Main,
 Toss a Ship up, then cast her down a—
 (gain)

Sometimes she seems to touch the very Skies,
 And then again upon the Sand she lies.

Or have you seen a Bull when he is Jealous,
How he does tear the Ground, and roars and
(bellows?

Or have you seen the pretty Turtle-Dove,
When she laments the Absence of her Love?
Or have you seen the Fairies, when they sing
And dance with Mirth, together in a Ring?

Or have you seen our Gallants make a Pudder,
With Fair and Grace, and Grace and Fair *Anne*
(*Strudder*?

Or have you seen the *Daughters* of *Apollo*
Pour down their Rhyming Liquors in a hollow
Cane —————

In spungy Brain congealing into Verse?

If you have seen all this, then kiss mine ———

THE
RESTAURATION,
OR THE
History of Insipids :
A
LAMPOON.

I.

CHaft, Pious, Prudent, *Charles* the Second,
The Miracle of thy Restauration,
May like to that of *Quails* be reckon'd,
Rain'd on the *Israelitish* Nation ;

The

The wish'd-for Blessing, from Heaven sent,
Became their Curse and Punishment.

II.

The Virtues in thee *Charles* inherent,
Although thy Countenance be an odd Piece,
Prove Thee as true a God's Vicegerent,
As e'er was *Harry* with his Codpiece :
For Chastity and pious Deeds,
His Grandfire *Harry*, *Charles* exceeds.

III.

Our *Romish* Bondage-breaker *Harry*,
Espoused half a dozen Wives,
Charles only one, resolv'd to marry,
And other Mens he never f——
Yet hath he Sons and Daughters more,
Than e'er had *Harry* by threescore.

IV.

Never was such a Faith's Defender,

He like a Politick Prince, and Pious,

Gives Liberty to Conscience tender,

And does to no Religion tie us;

Jews, Christians, Turks, Papists, he'll please us

With *Moses, Mahomet*, or *J—*

V.

In all Affairs of Church or State,

He very Zealous is, and Able,

Devout at Prayers, and sits up late

At the Cabal and Council Table.

His very Dog, at Council-board,

Sits Grave and Wise as any Lord.

VI.

Let *Charles's* Policy no Man flout,

The wisest Kings have all some Folly;

Nor let his Piety any doubt;

Charles like a Sovereign Wise and Holy,

Makes

Makes young Men Judges of the Bench,
And Bishops those, that love a Wench.

VII.

His Father's Foes he doth reward,
Preserving those that cut off's Head:
Old Cavaliers, the Crown's best Guard,
He lets them starve for want of Bread.
Never was any King endow'd
With so much Grace and Gratitude.

VIII.

Blood, that wears Treason in his Face,
Villain compleat in Parson's Gown,
How much is he at Court in Grace,
For stealing *Ormond*, and the Crown?
Since Loyalty does no Man good,
Let's steal the King, and out-do *Blood*.

IX.

A Parliament of Knaves and Sots,

Members by Name, you must not mention ;
He keeps in Pay, and buys their Votes,

Here with a Place, there with a Pension :
When to give Money, he can't cologue 'em,
He does with Scorn prorogue, prorogue 'em.

X.

But they long since, by too much Giving,

Undid, Betray'd, and Sold the Nation,
Making their Memberships a Living,

Better than e'er was Sequestration.
God give thee *Charles* a Resolution
To damn the Knaves by Diffolution.

XI.

Fame is not grounded on Success,

Tho' Victories were *Cæsar's* Glory ;
Lost Battels, make not *Pompey* less,
But left them stiled Great, in Story,

Malicious Fate doth oft devise
To beat the Brave, and fool the Wise.

XII.

Charles in the first *Dutch* War stood fair,
To have been Sovereign of the Deep,
When *Opdam* blew up in the Air,
Had not his Highness gone to sleep :
Our Fleet slack'd Sails, fearing his Waking,
The *Dutch* else, had been in sad Taking.

XIII.

The *Bergen* Business was well laid,
Though we paid dear for that Design :
Had we not three Days parling staid,
The *Dutch* Fleet there, *Charles*, had been thine.
Tho' the False *Dane* agreed to sell 'em,
He cheated us, and saved *Skellum*.

XIV.

Had not *Charles* sweetly chous'd the States,
 By *Bergen* Baffle grown more Wise,
 And made them shite as small as Rats,
 By their rich *Smyrna* Fleet Surprize.
 Had haughty *Holmes* but call'd in *Spragge*,
Hans had been put into a Bag.

XV.

Mists, Storms, short Victuals, adverse Winds,
 And once the Navies wise Division,
 Defeated *Charles* his best Designs,
 'Till he became his Foes Derision.

But he had swing'd the *Dutch* at *Chattam*,
 Had he had Ships but to come at 'em.

XVI.

Our *Blackheath* Host, without Dispute,
 Rais'd, (put on Board, why, no Man knows)
 Must *Charles* have render'd Absolute
 Over his Subjects or his Foes :

Has not the *French* King made us Fools,
By taking *Maestricht* with our Tools?

XVII.

But *Charles*, what could thy Policy be,
To run so many sad Disasters ;
To join thy Fleet with False *d'Estree*,
To make the *French*, of *Holland* Masters?
Was't *Carewell*, Brother *James*, or *Teague*,
That made thee break the Triple League.

XVIII.

Could *Robin Viner* have foreseen
The glorious Triumphs of his Master,
The Wool-Church Statue, Gold had been,
Which now is made of Alabaster.
But Wise Men think, had it been Wood,
Twere for a Bankrupt King too good.

XIX. Those

XIX.

Those that the Fabrick well consider,
 Do of it, diversly discourse ;
 Some pass their Censure, on the Rider,
 Others their Judgment of the Horse :
 Most say, the *Steed's* a goodly Thing,
 But all agree, 'tis a lewd King.

XX.

By the Lord Mayor and his Grave Coxcombs
 Free-man of *London Charles* is made ;
 Then to *Whitehall* a rich Gold Box comes,
 Which was bestow'd on the *French Jade*.
 But wonder not it should be so, Sirs,
 When Monarchs rank themselves with Grocers

XXI.

Cringe, scrape no more, ye City-Fops,
 Leave off your Feasting, and fine Speeches,
 Beat up your Drums, shut up your Shops,
 The Courtiers then, will kiss your Breeches :

arm'd, tell the Popish Duke that rules,
You're Free-born Subjects, not *French* Mules.

XXII.

New Upstarts, Pimps, Bastards, and Whores,
That Locust-like, devour the Land,
By shutting up th'Exchequer Doors,
When there our Money was trapan'd,
Have render'd *Charles's* Restauration,
But a small Blessing to the Nation.

XXIII.

Then *Charles*, beware of thy Brother *York*,
Who to thy Government, gives Law;
If once we fall to the old Sport,
You must again both to *Breda*:
Where spite of all that would restore you,
Grown Wise by Wrongs, we shall abhor you.

XXIV. If

XXIV.

If of all Christian Blood, the Guilt
Cry loud for Vengeance unto Heaven,
That Sea by Treacherous *Lewis* spilt,
Can never be by God forgiven.

Worse Scourge unto his Subjects, Lord,
Than Pestilence, Famine, Fire, or Sword.

XXV.

That False Rapacious Wolf of *France*,
The Scourge of *Europe*, and its Curse,
Who, at his Subjects Cry, does dance,
And study how to make them worse.
To say such Kings, Lord, rule by Thee,
Were most prodigious Blasphemy.

XXVI.

Such know no Law, but their own Lust,
Their Subjects Substance, and their Blood,
They count it Tribute, due and just,
Still spent, and spilt, for Subjects Good.

such Kings are by God appointed,
the Devil may be the Lord's Anointed.

XXVII.

Such Kings ! Curs'd be the Power and Name,
Let all the World henceforth abhor 'em ;
Monsters, which Knaves Sacred proclaim,
And then like Slaves, fall down before 'em.
What can there be in Kings Divine ?
The most are Wolves, Goats, Sheep, or Swine.

XXVIII.

Then farewell Sacred Majesty,
Let's pull all brutish Tyrants down ;
Where Men are born, and still live free,
Here ev'ry Head doth wear a Crown.
Mankind, like miserable Frogs,
Prove wretched, King'd by Storks, and Logs.

THE

Young Statesman

A
SATYR.

I.

Clarendon had Law and Sense
Clifford was fierce and brave;
Bennet's grave Looks was a Pretence,
And Denby's matchless Impudence
Help'd to support the Knave.

II. B

II.

at Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
these will appear such Chits in Story,
Twill turn all Politicks to Jests,
to be repeated like *John Dory*,
When Fidlers sing at Feasts.

III.

protect us, mighty Providence!
What would these Madmen have?
First, they would bribe us without Pence,
Deceive us without Common Sense,
And without Power inflave.

IV.

shall Free-born Men, in humble Awe,
Submit to servile Shame?
Who from Consent to Custom draw
The same Right to be ruled by Law,
Which Kings pretend to reign.

V. The

V.

The Duke shall wield his conq'ring Sword,
The Chancellor make his Speech;
The King shall pass his honest Word,
The Pawn'd Revenue Sums afford,
And then come kiss my Breech.

VI.

So have I seen a King on Chesse,
His Rooks and Knights withdrawn;
His Queen and Bishops in Distress,
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn.

On ROME's Pardons.

I.

IF Rome can pardon Sins, as *Romans* hold,
And if those Pardons can be bought and
(fold,
It were no Sin t'adore and worship Gold.

II.

If they can purchase Pardons with a Sum,
For Sins they may commit in time to come,
And for Sins past; 'tis very well for *Rome*.

III.

At this Rate they are happiest that have most,
They'll purchase Heaven at their own proper
Cost:
Alas! the Poor, all that are so, are lost.

K

IV. Whence

IV.

Whence came this Knack, or when did it begin?

What Author have they, or who brought it in?

Did *Christ* e'er keep a *Custom-House* for Sin?

V.

Some Subtil Devil, without more ado,

Did certainly this fly Invention brew,

To gull them of their Souls, and Money too.

THE
DISPUTE.

B ^{(late} *Edwixt* Father *Patrick* and his Highness, of
There happen'd a strong and a weighty
(Debate :

^{(Two} *Religion* was the Theme. 'Tis strange, that they
Should dispute about that which neither of 'em
(knew :

known,
When I dare boldly say, if the Truth were but
The Weakness of *Patricks*, and Strength of his own,

(Curse,
He'd have call'd it a Madness, and much like a
To have chang'd from a good One, to that which
(is worse.

(to yield,
But the Reasons which made most, his Highness
And so willingly quit to St. Patrick the Field;
Were ———

*First, Sir, they cheat you, and leave you i'th Lurch,
Who tell you there can be any more than one Church,
And, next unto that, he averr'd for a Certain,
No Footsteps of ours could be found before Martin.
At which two Reasons, so deep and profound,
His Highness had like to have fall'n in a Swoon:
But at length he cry'd out, Father Patrick, I find,
By the sudden Conversion, and Change of my Mind,
It is not your Reason, nor Wit, can afford
Such Strength to your Cause; 'Tis the Finger o'th'
(Lord:*

For

*For now I remember, he some where has said,
That by Babes and Sucklings his Truth is convey'd,*

Thus ended the Dispute 'twixt the Priest and ^{(the Knight ;}
In which, to say Truth, and to do 'em both Right,
He manag'd the Cause, as he did the Sea-Fight,]

T H E
Royal A N G L E R.

M E thinks, I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he
His easie Scepter bends and trembles so. ^{(know,}
Fine Representative, indeed, of God,
Whose Scepter's dwindled to a Fishing-Rod.

Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
 When his Great Godship stoop'd to catching } (Flies;
 Bless us! What pretty Sport have Deities!
 But see, he now does up from *Dochet* come,
 Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd *Gudgeons* Home,
 Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
 But greedily he swallows every Bait;
 A Prey to every *King-fisher* of State.
 For how he *Gudgeons* takes, you have been
 (taught,
 Then listen now, how he himself is caught.
 So well, alas! the fatal Bait is known,
 Which *Romley* does so greedily take down;
 And howe'er weak and slender be the String,
 Bait it with *Whore*, and it will hold a *King*,
 Almighty Power of Women! Oh, how vain
 Are *Salique Laws*; for you will ever reign,

Yet *Lawson*, thou whose Arbitrary Sway,
Our King must, more than we do him, obey,
Who shortly shall of easy *Charles's* Breast,
And of his Empire be at once possesst.
Tho' it indeed appear a glorious Thing,
To command Power, and to inflave a King;
Yet, e'er the false Appearance has betray'd
A soft, believing, unexperient'd Maid,
Oh! yet consider, e'er it be too late,
How near you stand upon the Brink of Fate.
Think who they are, who would for you procure
This great Preferment, to be made a Whore;
Two Reverend Aunts, renown'd in *British* Story,
For Lust and Drunkenness with *Nell* and *Lory*:
These, these, are they your Fame would sacrifice,
Your Honour sell, and you shall know the Price.

My Lady *Mary* nothing can design,
But feed her Lust with what she gets for thine:
Old *Richmond* making thee a glorious Punk,
Shall twice a Day with Brandy now be drunk:
Her Brother *Buckingham* shall be restor'd,
Nelly a Countess, *Lory* be a Lord,
And sure all Honours should on him be thrown,
Both for his Father's Merit, and his own:
For *Dunkirk* first was sold by *Clarendon*,
And now *Tangier* is selling by the Son:
A barren Queen the Father brought us o'er,
To make way for the Son to bring a Whore.

Portsmouth's *Looking-glass.*

Methinks I see you newly risen
From your embroider'd Bed, and Piffing,
With studied Mein, and much Grimace,
Present your self before your Glass,
To varnish and smooth o'er those Graces,
You rub'd off in your Night Embraces :
To set your Hair, your Eyes, your Teeth,
And all those Powers you conquer with ;
Lay Trains of Love, and State-Intrigues,
In Powders, Trimmings, and curl'd Wigs ;
And nicely chuse, and neatly spread,
Upon your Cheeks the best *French Red.*

Indeed for *Whites*, none can compare
 With those you naturally wear :
 And tho' her Highness much delights
 To Laugh and Talk about your *Whites*,
 I never could perceive your Grace
 Made use of any for your Face.
 Here 'tis you practice all your Art,
 To triumph o'er a *Monarch's* Heart ;
 Tattle, and smile, and wink and twink on't,
 It almost makes me spew to think on't,
 These are your Master-strokes of Beauty,
 That keep poor *Rowley* to hard Duty ;
 And how can all these be withstood,
 By Frail and Amorous Flesh and Blood ?
 These are the Charms that have bewitcht him,
 As if a Conjuror's Rod had Switcht him ;
 Made him he knows not what to do,
 But loll and fumble here with you.

Amongst

amongst your Ladies, and his Chits,

at Cards and Council here he sits ;

yet minds not how they play at either,

nor cares he when 'tis walking Weather,

business and Power he has resign'd,

and all Things to your mighty Mind.

there a *Minister of State*,

or any *Treasurer* of late,

that's fawning and imperious too ?

he owes his Greatness all to you :

and as you see just Cause to do't,

you keep him in, or turn him out.

Hence 'tis you give us *War* and *Peace*,

raise Men, disband them, as you please ;

make any *Pensions*, retrench *Wages*,

or *Petticoats*, and lusty *Pages* :

Con-

Contrive and execute all Laws,
Suiting the Judges to the Cause ;
Learn'd Scroggs, and Honest Jeffries,
A faithful Friend to you whoe'er is ;
He made the Jury come in Booty ;
And for your Service, would hang Doughty.
You govern every Council-Meeting,
Make the Fools do as you think fitting ;
Your *Royal Cully* has Command,
Only from you, at Second Hand ;
He does but at the Helm appear,
Sits there and sleeps, while your Slaves steer ;
And you are the bright *Northern Star*,
By which they guide this Man of War :
Yet without doubt they might conduct
Him better, were you better —

any begin to think of late,
The Crown and C—ds have both one Date;
As they fall, so falls the State.
And as his Loins prove loose and weak,
The Reins of Government must break.

L A I S S E N I O R.

A Pindarique.

I.

E T Ancients boast no more,
Their Lewd Imperial Whore,
Whose everlasting Lust,
Reviv'd her Bodies latest Thrust:
And when that transitory Dust,
And no more Vigour left in Store,
Is still as fresh and active, as before.

II. Her

II.

Her Glory must give place,
 To one of Modern *British* Race,
 Whose every daily Act exceeds
 The others most transcendent Deeds:
 She has at length made good,
 That there is Humane Flesh and Blood,
 Even able to out-do,
 All that their loosest Wishes prompt them to.

III.

When she has Jaded quite,
 Her almost boundless Appetite,
 Cloy'd with the choicest Banquets of Delight,
 She'll still drudge on in tasteless Vice,
 As if she sinn'd for Exercise;

by the **E. of ROCHESTER.** 159

stabling stoutest Stallions every Hour,
and when they can perform no more,
he'll rail at 'em, and kick them out of Door.

IV.

Monmouth and Candish droop,
as first did Henningham and Scroop:
ay, scabby Ned looks thin and pale,
and sturdy Franck himself begins to fail;
but Wo betide him if he does,
he'll set her Jocky on his Toes,
and he shall end the Quarrel without Blows.

V.

Now tell me all ye Powers,
Who e'er could equal this *Levy Dame* of Ours?
Lais her self must yield,
and vanquish'd Julia quit the Field:

Nor

Nor can that *Princess*, one Day fam'd,
 As Wonder of the Earth,
 For *Minotaurus* glorious Birth,
 With Admiration any more be nam'd.
 Those puny Heroins of History,
 Eclips'd by her, shall all forgotten be;
 Whilst her great Name confronts Eternity.

ROCHESTER'S Farewel.

TIr'd with the noysom Folly of the Age
 And weary of my Part, I quit the Stage
 For who in Life's dull Farce a Part would bear,
 Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the chief
 (Actors are
 Long I with Charitable Malice strove,
 Lashing the Court, these Vermin to remove.

But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
As Aged Lechers whipt, their Lust renew.
Yet this my Life has unsuccessful been,
For who can this *Angæan* Stable clean ?
My gen'rous End I will pursue in Death,
And at Mankind, rail with my parting Breath.
First then, the *Tangier* Bullies must appear,
With open Bravery, and dissembled Fear :
Mulg——e their Head ; but Gen'ral have a care,
Tho' skill'd in all the Arts that cheat the Fair :
The undiscerning and impartial *Moor*,
Compares not the Lovers on the Ladies Score.
How many perish by one Fatal Shot,
The Conquests all thy Ogling ever got.
Think then (as I presume you do) how all
The *English* Beauties will lament your Fall ;
Scarce would a greater Grief pierce ev'ry Heart,
Should Sir George Hemit or Sir Carr depart.

Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 To stay and tie the Cravat-string at Home?
 To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear
 With *Hewit*, *Dam-me*, there's no Action there.
 Hadst thou no Friend that would to *Rowley* write,
 To hinder this thy eagerness to fight?
 That without Danger thou a Brave might'st be,
 As sure to be deny'd as *Shrews*—y.
 This sure the Ladies had not fail'd to do,
 But who this Courage could suspect in you?
 For say, what Reason could with thee prevail,
 To change embroider'd Coat, for Coat of Mail?
 Let *Plimouth*, or let *Mord*—t go, whom Fate
 Has made not valiant, but desperate :
 For who would not be weary of his Life,
 Who's lost his Money, or has got a Wife?
 To the more tolerable Alcaid of *Alcazzer*,
 One flies from's Creditor, t'other from *Frazier*;

'Twere

Twere Cruelty to make too sharp Remarks,
On all the little, forward, fighting Sparks:
Only Poor *Charles*, I can't but pity Thee,
When all thy pert young Volunteers I see;
Those Chits in War, who as much Mirth cre-
As the Pair Royal of the Chits of State. (ate,
Their Names shall equal, or exceed in Story,
Chit *Sund—d*, Chit *Godo—n*, and Chit *L—y*.
When thou let'st *Plimouth* go, 'twas such a Jest,
As when thy Brother made the same Request;
Had *Richmond* but got Leave, as well as he,
The Jest had been compleat and worthy Thee.
Well, since he must, he'll to *Tangier* advance,
It is resolv'd; but first let's have a Dance.
First, at her Highness Ball he must appear,
And in a parting Country Dance, learn there
With Drum and Fife to make a Jig of War;

What is of Soldier seen in all the Heap,
 Besides the flutt'ring Feather in the Cap,
 The Scarf, and Yard or two of Scarlet Cloth,
 From Gen'ral *Mulg—e* down to little *Worth* :

But now they're all embark'd, and curse their ^{(Fate,}
 Curse *Charles* that gave 'em Leave, and much ^{(more Kate,}

Who, than *Tangier* to *England* and the King,
 No greater Plague, besides her self, could bring;
 And wish the *Moors*, since now their Hand was ⁽ⁱⁿ

As they have got her Portion, had the Queen
 There leave we them, and back to *England* come
 Where, by the wiser Sparks that stay at home
 In safe Ideas by their Fancy form'd,
Tangier, (like *Mastrich*) is at *Windsor* storm'd.

But now we talk of *Mastrich*, where is he,
Fam'd for that brutal Piece of Bravery?
He with his thick impenetrable Scull,
The solid harden'd Armour of a Fool:
Well might himself to all Wars ill expose,
Who (come what will) yet had no Brains to
(lose.
Yet this is he, the dull unthinking he,
Who must (forsooth) our future Monarch be.
This Fool, by Fools (*Armstrong* and *Ven—n*) led,
Dreams that a Crown will drop upon his Head;
By great Example he this Path doth tread:
Following such senseless Asses up and down,
(For *Saul* fought Asses when he found a Crown),
But *Rofs* is risen, as *Samuel*, at his Call,
To tell that God has left th'Ambitious *Saul*.
Never (says Heaven) shall the blushing Sun
See *Proger's* Bastard fill the Regal Throne.

So Heaven says, but *Bran*——*n* says he shall,
But who'er he protects, is sure to fall.

Who can more certain of Destruction be,
Than he that trusts to such a Rogue as he?

What Good can come from him, who *York* for
(fook
T'espouse the Interest of this booby Duke?

But who the best of Masters could desert,
Is the most fit to take a Traytor's Part.

Ungrateful! This thy Master-piece of Sin,
Exceeds e'en that with which thou didst begin,
Thou great Proficient in the Trade of Hell,
Whose latter Crimes still do thy first excell:
The very Top of Villany we seize,
By Steps in Order, and by just Degrees:
None e'er was perfect Villain in one Day,
The murder'd Boy to Treason led the Way.

by the E. of ROCHESTER. 167

But when Degrees of Villany we name,
How can we chuse but think on *Buckingham*?
He who through all of them has boldly ran,
Left ne'er a Law unbroke of God or Man.
His treasur'd Sins of Supererogation,
Swell to a Sum, enough to damn a Nation:
But he must here by force be let alone,
His Acts require a Volume of their own:
Where rank'd in dreadful Order shall appear,
All his Exploits, from *Shrews—y* to *Le Meer*.
But stay, methinks I on a sudden find
My Pen to treat of th'other Sex inclin'd:
But where in all this Choice shall I begin?
Where, but with the renowned *Mazarine*?
For all the Bawds the Court's rank Soil doth
(bear,
And Bawds and Statesmen grow in plenty there,

To thee submit and yield, should we be just
To thy experienc'd and well-travell'd Lust :
Thy well-known Merits claim that thou shouldst
First in the glorious Roll of Infamy. (be
To thee, they all give Place, and Homage pay,
Do all thy Lecherous Decrees obey ;
Thou Queen of Lust, the Bawdy Subjects they,
While *Suffex*, *Braughall*, *Betty Felton* come,
Thy Whores of Honour, to attend thy Throne ;
For what proud Strumpet e'er could merit more,
Than be anointed the Imperial Whore ?
For tell me, in all *Europe*, where's the Part
That is not conscious of thy lewd Desert.
The great *Pelean* Youth, whose Conquests run
O'er all the World, and travel'd with the
(Sun,

Made

Made not his Valour to more Nations known,

Than thou thy Lust, thy matchless Lust, hast
(shown.

All Crimes, all Countries do with Tribute come

Thou World of Lewdness) to thy boundless
(Womb;

Thou Sea of Lust, that never Ebb dost know,

Whither the Rivers of all Nations flow.

Lewd *Messaline* was but a Type of thee,

Thou highest, last Degree of Lechery:

For in all Ages, except her and you,

Who ever sinn'd so high, and stoop'd so low?

He to the Imperial Bed each Night did use

To bring the Stink of the exhausted Stews;

And (but not satisfy'd) with Man did come,

Drunk with abundant Lust, and reeling home,

But thou to our admiring Age dost show

More Sin than innocent *Rome* did ever know;

And

And having all her Lewdnesses out-ran,
Tak'st up with Devil, having tired Man :
For what else is that Loathsome ugly Black,
Which you and *Suffex* in your Arms did take
Nor does Old Age, which now rides on so fast
Make thee come short of all thy Lewdness past
Tho' on thy Head, Gray Hairs, like *Ætna's* Snow
Are shed, thou Fire and Brimstone art below :
Thou monstrous Thing, in whom at once did
(rage
The Flames of Youth, and Impotence of Age.
My Lady *Har*——t takes the second Place,
Proud with thy Favour, and peculiar Grace ;
Even she with all her Piety and Zeal,
The hotter Flames that burn in thee does feel.
Thou dost into her kindling Breast inspire
The lustful Seeds of thy contagious Fire ;

So well the Spirit and the Flesh agree,
Lust and Devotion, Zeal and Lechery.
Of what Important Use Religion's made,
By those who wisely drive the Cheating Trade.
As Wines prohibited, securely pass,
Changing the Name of their own native Place :
So Vice grows safe, dress'd in Devotion's Name,
Unquestion'd by the Custom-house of Fame.
Where ever too much Sanctity you see,
Be more suspicious of hid Villany.
Whose'ever's Zeal is then his Neighbour's more,
If Man, suspect him Rogue, if Woman, Whore :
And such a Thing art thou, religious H——de,
So very lewd, and yet so sanctify'd.
Let now the Dutchess take no further Care,
Of numerous Stallions let her not despair,
Since her indulgent Stars so kind have been,
To send her *Bromely*, H——, and *Mazarine* :

This

This last doth banish'd *Monmouth's* Place supply,
And Wit supplanted is by Lechery.

For *Monmouth* she had Parts, and Wit, and Sense,
To all which *Mazarine* has no Pretence ;
A Proof that since such Things as she prevail,
Her Highness Head is lighter than her Tail.
But stay, I *Portsmouth* almost had forgot,
The common Theme of every Rhiming Sot ;
She'll after Railing make us laugh awhile,
For at her Folly, who can chuse but smile ?
Whilst them who always slight her, Great she
(makes,
And so much Pains to be despis'd she takes,
Goes saunt'ring with her Highness up to Town,
To an old Play, and in the Dark comes down ;
Still makes her Court to her, as to the Queen,
But still is justled out by *Mazarine*,

So much more worthy, a kind Bawd is thought
Than even she, who her from Exile brought.

O *Portsmouth*, foolish *Portsmouth*! not to take
The Offer the Great *Sund*—*d* did make;

When cringing at thy Feet, e'en *Monmouth* bow'd
The Golden Calf, that's worship'd by the Crowd.

But thou for *Y—k*, who now despises thee,
To leave both him and powerful *Shaftsbury*.

If this is all the Policy you know,

This all the Skill in States you boast of so,

How wisely did thy Country's Laws ordain,

Never to let the foolish Woman reign?

But what must we expect, who daily see

Unthinking *Charles*, rul'd by Unthinking thee.

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